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VERSES.

VERSES.

BY

EBENEZER SMITH.

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VERSES.

Dreams of "A Thousand a Year."

A THOUSAND A YEAR! there is something *here*
To fit the tongue and to fill the ear;
To quicken the pulse, and to hasten the flow
Of the tide of life, be it *ever* so slow:
What cloud would not vanish, though heavy and near?
What vision of bliss could refuse to appear
At the magical whisper, "a thousand a year?"
  O happy! O happy the friend must be
Who inherits this full-orbed legacy;
Who has it, all told, in solid gold
Of the yellowest hue, of the finest mould;
Who can use it, or keep it, or put it away;
Who can lend it, or spend it, or lose it at play,
With no one to hinder or say him nay.
  Let the preacher preach, let the moral drone
Enlarge on the peace by contentment known,
For "a thousand a year" I could sigh and groan.

It would end my woe, and set joy a-flow
In a lasting current, as hills of snow
Send down a stream through the Summer's gleam,
Dancing along in the noontide beam,
To water the fields which the peasants grow,
And to gladden the soul of the vale below.
  I sleep, I sleep, but my eyelids close
To bring me misery, not repose;
For I hear the clink of the coins, and think
That I see them in piles, extending for miles,
With a wondrous sheen, which my soul beguiles.
  I could climb where the snows eternal freeze;
I could fathom the depths of the deepest seas;
All the days of my life I could toil and moil;
I could fight, and suffer, and gather the spoil;
I could crawl through the lengthening years in pain,
And never repine, or fret, or complain,
If I only could see, like my happy friend,
"A thousand a year" at the farther end.
  I sleep, I sleep; yes, I see the light
Which sheds o'er the waters a gleam so bright,
But contends in vain with the pitchy night.
  How the tempest roars! how the thunder rolls!
How the torrent pours o'er the lonely souls
Who sit in the turret, high and damp,
And feed the fires of the ruddy lamp.

Alone! in the midst of the raging deep,
Weary and wan, and half asleep,
I can see their faces, as watch they keep,
And can hear them whispering, pale with affright,
"Would God it were morning, all may be right,
But this is a dreadful, dreadful night."

Tall and strong, like the trunk of an oak,
Tapering out from the solid rock,
And resisting the billows' most furious shock,
I see their home, on its ragged dome,
Trembling and dripping 'neath spray and foam,
And the straining eye nothing else can descry
But a wild commotion of sea and sky;
And the listening ear nothing else can hear
But the roar of the whirlwind rushing by.

Hush! hark! was that sound, which I surely heard,
The scream of a wandering, wild sea-bird?
Was that flash, so bright, the beacon's light,
Illuming a wave of stupendous height?
Is it a *phantom* which mocks my sight?
No! the black spars of a goodly ship
Shoot up to the dark clouds, quiver, and dip
Down, down: Good heavens! her voyage is o'er!
Her prow will be turned towards home no more;
She lies a wreck on the surging shore.

Alas! for her crew. "Ah! who are you,

Crying for help, in such woful plight,
Dripping and bleeding, a sickening sight?
And who is your *neighbour* here, dead outright?
Tell me. Your master! you were his slave;
And his wealth was worthless his life to save!
Was he rich? So rich! and he perished *here;*
A man worth 'a thousand pounds a year!'"

I wake, I wake, but I sleep once more,
Far, far away from that spectral shore,
With its spectral lighthouse, its spectral roar;
Its spectral mariners crowding the deck,
Its spectral dead, and its spectral wreck.

Freed from the nightmare's galling chain,
I sleep, I sleep, like a child, again—
What castle is *this* looking over the plain,
With its budding groves and its lawn so green,
With winding gravelled walks between,
With its gilded vane and its glancing pane,
And tower and turret glist'ning with rain,
All shining bright, in the morning light,
Whilst the echoes ring with songs of delight?

What *crowds* of people! how *strange* they seem!
Am I *really* mad? or is this a dream?
How the gallery *rang* with that ghastly scream!
[illegible]as fair without, it is foul within,
[illegible] but wretchedness, woe, and sin,

Laughter, and curses, and horrible din.
Smiling and scowling, hideous and sweet,
No two are alike of the scores I meet
Moving about, as if this were a street.
  One's features are wild, another's inane,
The third is passive, but *all* are insane!
Let me speak to this gentleman, writhing in pain:
  "My friend, are you suffering?"
                "Yes, O yes!
Mine is a case of most hopeless distress;
It *could not* be greater, 't will *never* be less."
  "But think of your neighbours! these persons are poor;
They have far less to comfort, far more to endure."
  "Hold! hold! you are torturing him you would cure;
I dare not look round me; I envy the fate
Of the worst wretch that ever came through yonder gate,
And would gladly exchange with him. Oh! for the state
Of that idiot there, who sits in his chair,
From morning till evening, he knows not where.
Look at that lad with the jaunty air!
Mark the old man with the vacant stare!
Hear how these maniacs drivel and sing;
One is a nobleman, one is a king;
This one is in heaven, that other at sea;
Their bodies are here, but their *spirits* are free;
In comparison all, *all* are blessed but me.

These poor men have delusions, my sorrows are real;
They are dead to their suff'rings; good God! how I feel,
If I did not my heart would be harder than steel.
A stranger to rectitude, virtue and truth,
I always *was* wretched from earliest youth;
One gulph of disaster, concealed and unseen,
My whole life has been hollow, deceitful, and mean:
Apparently splendid, and fair to the eye,
But a blunder throughout, Sir—a scandal, a lie;
Is it strange if I weep? is it strange if I sigh?
My friends are all ruined, my poor wife is dead,
My children are homeless, and begging their bread,
And the whole load of guilt lies on this hoary head.

I am told to be calm—they console me with lies—
But I see, night and day, as if close to my eyes,
My dear innocents starving—their pitiful cries,
Not such walls as are here can shut out from my ear—
And in darkness their forms more distinctly appear;
Haggard, weak, skin and bone, passing each with a groan,
Till I murmur 'forgive me,' when lo! they are gone;
God Almighty! would men only let me alone!

That my case is so hopeless a stranger may doubt—
I can not comprehend how it all came about,
But it *is so*, my errors I cannot forgive,
I've a horror of death, but I'm not fit to live.

Mad! mad! I'm *not* mad—I heed not what they say—

I'm concealed from my creditors—hid—put away—
I am breaking God's laws, and the laws of this place,
I've no *right* to be here, O! what shame and disgrace!
Far better have looked the whole *world* in the face.
And I know this is true, although not a few,
Doctors, and liars of every hue,
Smile at the tale I have told to you,
Mock me with hopes from returning health,
And try to convince me that I have *wealth*,
That, freed from this prison—once out of these bounds—
I am still worth yearly "a thousand p———!"
Strange! how strange! that the soul can range
Over earth and sea, unfettered and free,
Whilst the limbs lie motionless—hold, it is he;
I will follow his foot, unobserved and mute,
Till I pluck this mystery out by the root.
What a wretch he must be, what a merciless brute!
How he stares at the fair, what a horrible stare,
The eye of the savage has not such a glare,
Nor the tiger's, when crouching, awake, in its lair—
See! he follows his victim—she flies from his snare.
But again they meet—can the Devil look sweet?
I always believed he had cloven feet,
This fellow looks handsome and wond'rously neat.
Oh! the smiles and the wiles,
How the villain beguiles

The young heart which his presence destroys and baffles,
How he lures her, and draws her on into his toils.
His unclean by breast can know no rest,
By its purpose foul, so maddened, oppress,
It could not be spoken—the tale must be *guessed*.
But I meet here the wreck of a hapless maid,
Tempted and ruined, deserted, betrayed;
I see a *good* name covered over with shame,
And a false world truckling to him it should blame—
Father and mother, sister and brother,
Trying, in vain, human feeling to smother,
Suffering all for the sin of *another*.
That *other*, he comes—what a devilish leer!
Hell cannot be distant when *he* is so near,
Did not some person speak to me—what do I hear?
This fiend, worth "a th————————!!!"
Where has he gone? I am lying alone,
Not a sound to be heard, save the bubbling rhone,
And the pattering rain at the window pane,
And the passing gusts' low midnight moan.
Let me pray a prayer, that whilst I sleep,
Heaven from my pillow such visions may keep—
This [illegible] pathway is long and steep,
[illegible] around with such graceful sweep.
[illegible]hat flowers! whose home is this?
[illegible] of peacefulness, comfort, and bliss!

Would I were his heir, that old man's there,
With the mild dark eye and the silver hair,
And the fading bloom on his snow-white cheeks,
Like the setting sun's last crimson streaks.

His servant salutes him—how gently he speaks—
How his censure wise to the conscience flies,
Winged with praises and barbed with sighs;
How quick to hear when suffering cries;
How the people love him, where'er he goes,
Youth, age, health, sickness, greeting bestows,
And asks for his blessing; he looks at a rose,
Its bloom becomes fairer, its fragrance more free;
He listens, the thrush by its nest on the tree
Sings louder and sweeter, a happier strain
For him than for others; the crushed worm, in pain,
Turns towards him for pity, and turns not in vain.

Temp'rate in joy, grief cannot destroy
His peace, which is solid and free from alloy;
How calmly he buries that promising boy;
How, sorely afflicted, he "kisses the rod,"
Flies yet farther from self, draws yet closer to God.

He trembles, he fears, but anxiety's shown
For the future of others and not for his own;
His hope long ere now has to certainty grown;
And rarely—how rarely—to mortal is given,
Whilst a sojourner here, such a foretaste of heaven.

"Your pardon, good sir, by a strange impulse driven,
I venture to ask if what blesses you here
May be bought and enjoyed for "a thousand a year?"
He beckons—I follow—how softly we tread!
'Tis his gard'ner's thatched cottage, we stand by his bed,
And his bible lies shut, with the mark where he read.
"Does he sleep, sir?" He answers me, "No, he is dead."

"You ask if "a thousand a year" can bestow
Such comforts as I by God's charity know;
There lies my old friend—better friend never lost—
Whose living, hard won, was but fifty at most,
Yet he, since we met, till I here saw him die,
Has been happier, richer, more blessed than I;
And all I prize here, or in heaven above,
I owe to his faithfulness, friendship, and love."

"Let *this* be your answer—when far from this place
Remember the look of that old man's dead face;
And wherever you go you always will know
That riches and want are *not* blessing and woe;
That joy, peace, and comfort are things of the heart,
Which wealth neither brings nor compels to depart,
And that, by a law everlasting and sure,
They are offered alike to the rich and the poor;
The time is but short, go thou, make them sec——

Secure! yes secure is the word he had said;
But I wake up once more, and the vision has fled—

What a loud peal of thunder breaks far overhead!
The night has been wild, and by fancy beguiled
I have strayed in strange paths, like a wandering child;
Unconsciously happy—a stranger to fear,
Although danger *is* threatening, and darkness *is* near.
As the child turns towards home at the close of the day
With the flow'rs in its hand, which it plucked by the way,
I now turn with these trifles, and think, with a sigh,
Ere *I* see *my* home they will wither and die.

Mysteries.

LET Faith *exult;* ere long, revealed,
God's ways shall form a *perfect plan,*
Though now, 'midst darkness deep concealed,
They *seem* an endless maze to man.

Speak not of fools, who flourish green,
Whilst wise men droop, decay, and die;
Wait till the end of *both* is seen,
And thou may'st know the reason why.

Ask not why patriots bow to fate,
Whilst tyrants prosper hour by hour—
God loved the prophet 'in the gate,'
And hated Haaman raised to power.

Tell me not tales of guilt's success,
Of virtue rudely trampled down—
Was there not gold on Pilate's dress?
Were there not thorns in Jesus' crown.

Why do great lives, of purpose strong,
  Consume themselves in their own fires,
Whilst cautious knaves their years prolong,
  Though glutting all their mean desires?

What stamps man's brow with sin's deep curse?
  Why should he, whilst abhorring evil,
Still hurry on from bad to worse,
  A willing servant of the devil?

Oh! ask me why spontaneous growth
  Belongs to poisonous plants and weeds,
And why the life of rage or sloth,
  Prolific, multiplies and breeds.

Ask me why clouds and darkness chase
  The blessed sunbeams, warm and bright,
And why the fairest day gives place,
  As surely as it dawns, to night.

Why does the earthquake's yawn destroy
  The loveliest scenes displayed on earth?
And why, whilst others shout for joy,
  Are children mourning at their birth?

In judgment I will never sit;
  Rebellious I will never grow;
Though suff'ring I will still submit;
  I'll trust ev'n where I do not know.

Let faith *exult;* ere long, revealed,
  God's ways shall form a *perfect plan,*
Though now, 'midst darkness deep concealed,
  They *seem* an endless maze to man.

Withered Leaves.

WITHERED leaves! that flit and flutter,
  Shaken by the passing wind;
Thoughts that tongue can never utter,
  Olden days, ye bring to mind.
Childhood's joys and manhood's pleasures,
  Bursting buds and golden sheaves,—
All that mem'ry loves and treasures,—
  Come again with "withered leaves."

Gentle voices—happy faces—
  Scenes the heart can ne'er forget—
Beauty rare, and matchless graces
  Which in heav'n are blooming yet:
Scattered—vanished—fallen—faded—
  (O'er whose loss my spirit grieves),
From the land in darkness shaded,
  Are restored by "wither'd leaves."

'Tis not death: the suns move o'er us;
  Spring and Summer pass away;
Autumn spreads its fruits before us;
  And with Winter comes decay.
But when all the boughs are shaken,
  And the earth their dust receives,
Say not that they are forsaken—
  There is life in "wither'd leaves."

Mouldering, in darkness hidden,
  We are tempted to despair;
But they will awake when bidden,
  And resume their forms so fair.
Wintry winds howl not for ever;
  Night in vain its darkness weaves;
Faith and Hope forsake us never—
  Thanks for *this*, ye "wither'd leaves."

Lines at the Grave of a Successful Man.

A RAKE or a drunkard, a beggar or thief,
I *know* thou can'st pity and think of with grief:
To *test* your compassion, I ask for a tear
O'er him who lies buried so splendidly here.
  Not rakish, nor drunken, nor theftuous he—
From all outward stain ever spotlessly free;
His life was successful, his riches were great,
And, praised at his death, he now lies here in state!
  To one such as he pity rarely is given—
Folks jump to conclusions, and think him in heaven—
But (truth will convince you before I give o'er),
Forgiveness and pity no man can need more.
  He was not a rake, but he gladly could lend
A hand to catch up what another would spend;
He was not a drunkard, but loud was his laugh
The cup did some victim unconsciously quaff;
He was not a beggar, but well he could fawn
On patron, or Lord, from whom aught might be drawn;

He was not a thief—catch *him* stealing a 'blouse'—
But, quietly, he'd swallow a 'field' or a 'house;'
And, worst of it all, he could go to his bed
With thanks for his plunder—a stranger to dread;
And rising at morn, could make worship, and pray
For more, *with a blessing*, the following day.

As smooth as a millpond, his course was so slow,
That no one suspected the dark depths below;
Ev'n cheating or lying, he compassed his end
So deftly, that dupes still believed him their friend!
He patted you, smiled on you, clung to your hand,
And was, whilst it fitted, your friend to command;
But *let cause be shown*, and let *self* be the game,
Truth, lies, friends and foes, all to him were the same:
He'd sacrifice 'party' or 'person' at will,
And end with his virtue, a Pharisee still.

He died—but enough; I am sick of the tale;
Be gen'rous *for once*, and you *never* can fail;
A rake or a drunkard, a beggar or thief,
I *know* thou can'st pity and think of with grief—
To *test* your compassion, I ask for a tear
O'er him who lies buried so splendidly here.

Lines on the Death of Mrs. Baird of Cambusdoon.

GRIEF sits upon the widow's brow,
  Tears dim the orphan's eye;
From many lowly dwellings now
  Ascends the mourning cry:
And echo answers whilst they ask—
  Oh, God! why did she die?

Old age leans heavy on his staff,
  And sorrow weeps alone;
And little children hush the laugh,
  To speak of her that's gone:
And woe and want look up to Heaven,
  Where she can hear their moan.

The Doon chants sadly as it flows
  Down to the murm'ring sea—
Its songsters, perched on leafless boughs,
  Give forth no notes of glee:
And round each naked branch the breeze
  Makes mournful minstrelsy.

Its flowers lie withered beneath the pall
Spread by the Winter blast.
And she, the sweetest flower of all,
Has fallen—the best—the last:
Alas! no Spring or Summer call
Can raise her from the past.

Such loveliness is known to bloom
But once beneath our skies;
But Faith looks upward from the tomb,
And in the dead arise
Beyond the cloud, and mist, and gloom,
Where beauty never dies.

Withered! the rose which bloomed so fair
To dust untimely driven—
Ev'n yet her sweetness fills the air
Which wafts her soul to Heaven;
To those once blessed her smile to share
Her memory is given.

A Simile.

I'VE noticed that when poultry feed,
A bird will lose itself through greed,
And miss its share of crumbs or pasty
By being oversmart and hasty.
  A pert young cock or cackling chick,
When all are feasting close and quick,
Amongst the savoury debris,
With kindling eye, has chanced to see
A crust of bread or lump of tallow,
Too large or tough at once to swallow:
Into the prize its beak is thrust
And off it flies with scrag or crust.
  Secure within some corner near,
'Twill at its booty tug and tear—
'Twill turn it o'er and o'er again,
And strive to bolt it—but in vain—
Till baffled, disappointed, beat,
It drops the thing it cannot eat.
  When wearied of such fruitless labours,
It hurries to rejoin its neighbours,

Expecting still to see the dish
As full of food as it could wish;
But finds, alas! to its dismay,
That every morsel is away,
And that less selfish fowls have fed
Upon the meal from which it fled.

Some larger bipeds—women, men—
Resemble such a cock or hen,
And, quite as stupid when they feed,
Are so rewarded for their greed.

A gen'rous thought to them unknown,
They rashly act for self alone;
And, quick to seize some seeming prize,
Lose all the good which life supplies.

A lump of gold—a likely marriage—
Society, dress, or a carriage—
On something gaudy, glittering, bright,
A hungry creature's eyes alight,
And, not so modest as his brothers,
He seeks to snatch it from the others.

Of what he covets soon possessed,
Behold him worried and distressed;
Observe how greedily he tries
To feast upon the wond'rous prize;
How long it is ere he'll believe
That such a treasure can deceive;

How, disappointed and downcast,
He sees his gross mistake at last,
And rushes back in hopes to find
The happiness he left behind.
  Alike his and the cockerel's fate,
Vain man's repentance comes too late;
Whilst with his worthless prize employed,
The humbler crowd has bliss enjoyed;
And he, who thought so well to fare,
Has, justly punished, lost his share.

False and True.

TRUE joys, like roses plucked—decayed,
Are often sweetest when they fade;
By mem'ry treasured, freely shed
Soft fragrance after they are dead,
And thus a deeper pleasure give
When wither'd long, than whilst they live.

False joys—deceitful from their glare—
Die with the hour which makes them fair;
And, like the flow'r of flaunting hue,
Which lies, rank-smelling, where it grew,
Unsightly when their bloom is past,
Rot long, offensive to the last.

The Seamstress.

ALONE, and poor, on a Christmas night,
The widow sat by her flickering light,
And stitched away—
A year to-night since her husband died,
Oh! was it strange if she sobbed and cried?
The tear from her pallid cheek she dried,
And stitched away.

The wind was high, and the sleet and rain
Were wildly dashed on the window pane—
She stitched away.
No sign of life in the street below,
The watchman's foot fell heavy and slow—
He wearily wandered to and fro—
She stitched away.

The embers died, and the cheerless hearth
Grew cold and dark as the frozen earth—
She stitched away.

Yesterday, want, with remorseless call,
Had claimed the last of her garments all,
Tight'ning around her the scanty shawl—
She stitched away.

"Past two!" was called from the lonely beat,
When "past two!" echoed from street to street
She stitched away.
No food to give to her infant son—
The light which dawned on her task begun
Must dawn again ere that task be done—
She stitched away.

Speaking aloud in a dream of joy,
She heard the voice of her sleeping boy,
But stitched away.
"Mother, dear mother," the words he said,
"Mother, dear mother, see here is bread!"
Weeping, she rose, and beside his bed
Knelt down to pray.

The lamp went out, and in darkness came
A darkness deeper, which quenched a flame
Of purer ray.
Day broke at last, and its dawning light
Revealed the dawn of a day more bright;
Sorrow and suffering's long long night
Had passed away.

No suffering now, no want, no gloom,
When strangers came to that silent room
At break of day—
His golden locks on the pillow spread,
The child still slept in his lowly bed,
The widowed mother beside him—dead!
Still knelt to pray.

Epitaph on a Pietist.

A GOODY sort of man was this,
Who always talked of *heavenly* bliss,
And *looked* as if he longed to be
With angels in eternity:
Yet, strange to tell! when he fell ill,
He task'd the doctor's utmost skill;
And when death reached his door, in course,
He had to bring him here by *force*.

To the Morning Lark.

FROM the daisied sod springing,
Thy way heavenward winging,
And warbling the while the sweet song thou would'st sing,
Ev'ry blade beneath glist'ning, the ling'ring star list'ning,
God bless thee, brave bird! and give strength to thy wing.

The blue sky ever nearing—
Thy mate below cheering—
Grows louder the lay, more melodious the note;
All thy thoughts downward tending, whilst farther ascending,
Love urges thy pinions, love quickens thy throat.

Circling wider, still soaring—
Thy anthem outpouring—
The king of all minstrels earthborn art thou;
Like a lone day-star floating, o'er one who is doting
On thee, and with welcome awaiting thee now.

Far thine eye homeward turning—
Thy heart with love burning—
Now slack'ning thy wing, now arresting thy flight;
The sweet strains thou prolongest, reveal how thou longest,
For her thou hast travelled so far to delight.

On the straining eye growing,
Down, down, there's no knowing
The rapture that's thine, Oh! how prone is thy breast,
When, where waving tufts glitter, with flutter and twitter,
Thou comest, thou comest, once more to thy nest.

From the daisied sod springing,
Thy way heavenward winging,
And warbling the while the sweet song thou would'st sing,
Ev'ry blade beneath glist'ning, the ling'ring star list'ning,
God bless thee, brave bird! and give strength to thy wing.

The House Sparrow.

THE lark and the linnet, the redbreast and wren,
Every bard has apostrophized once and again,
Taxing blank verse and rhyme,
Each one's praises to chime,
(Very often engrossed with his own all the time)!
  Even blackbirds and rooks
Have had pages of books
Assigned to their songs, to their habits, or looks,
And blue and black bonnets have both had sweet sonnets
Addressed to their jackets and showy perukes.
  We hear of birds fluting, and hopping, and shooting—
Of evening hymn and of morning's saluting—
We look at them floating, and soaring, and gloating,
Now lost in the clouds, and now perched on the spray,
Sometimes lending their notes, looking after their throats,
Or (let poets take heed to it) mending their lay.
  We have had the short line and the Alexandrine,
And most woful appeals to the mythical Nine;
But with all their devices the senses to harrow,
Our bards, one and all, have forgotten the Sparrow!

"The Sparrow! the Sparrow!"—I hear people scout him,
"There's nothing (say they), that's poetic about him—
From the bill on his face to his tail he lacks grace,
And his plumage does nothing to better the case:
He squats and he hobbles, he steals and he gobbles,
Is peevish and thievish, and as for his lay,
Does he sit on the chimney and sing us a hymn? Nay,
He chatters, and chatters, and chatters alway."

To shepherds, and farmers, and pastoral charmers,
Such thoughts may occur amongst newly-mown hay;
But the sons of the city—themselves gay and witty—
Will not let appearances lead *them* astray:
They will not be so hard on the one British bird,
That is homely, content, *civilized*, in a word;
Which, come Summer's bright blaze,
Or come Winter's short days,
Neither tempted, nor frightened, adheres to old ways,
Builds his nest, or, hard pressed,
Seeks some quiet place of rest,
About palace or hovel, as seems to him best;
And whose "chirrup," "cheer-up," if but well understood,
As he sits on the house-top, or caters for food,
Does the heart that is aching a whole world of good.

Said the young city Arab (his friends had just guessed),
"Of all warblers, the Sparrow *I* think whistles best,"
And, when laughing and chaffing they bade him explain,

He gave forth his opinion undaunted again—
"Of all warblers, the Sparrow *I* think whistles best,
Country people I daresay may favour the rest;
But when homeless and lone, or discussing a bone,
'Midst the roar of the streets, where the world hurries on,
I can hear my old friend singing on, without end,
"Chirrup," "chirrup," "cheer-up," at the worst things will
mend."

Epitaph on a Male Flirt.

YOUNG men, beware! the swell below
Was quick to court, to marry slow,
And after slighting countless charms,
Died in a coarse old widow's arms.
This stone above his bones is laid
By one he jilted—an old maid—
Who thus his fate records, unbidden,
"Look'd at the moon, fell in the midden."

Sunset after Rain.

THE sun in glory throned,
  The evening clear and still;
Green fields, and high beyond,
  The everlasting hill.

A ling'ring ray of light
  Trailing across the seas,
Showers of diamonds bright
  Falling from golden trees.

The milkmaid's artless song,
  The redbreast on the gate,
The blackbird, clear and strong,
  Piping beside his mate.

The rainbow fading slow
  Into the mists above,
Everything below
  Breathing the breath of love.

The poet dreams of bliss;
  Of heaven, the devotee;
An hour, a scene like this,
  Is bliss, is heaven to me.

By Land and Sea.

TRAV'LLER on life's upward road,
Dwell not for ever on thy load;
Let ev'ry wearied soul command
An onward push, a helping hand;
Sick, fallen, robbed, or gone astray,
Let no one perish by the way.

Think of another's pain with grief,
And it will yield thee some relief;
Let pity to strange woes be shown,
And it will lighten all thine own;
Give needed help with spirit free,
And help will surely come to thee.

Voyager from earth to heaven,
Desert no craft that's leeward driven;
Across thy course should others steer,
Make wide the berth, the danger clear;
And if distress its flag should wave,
Launch out and risk—a crew to save.

As thou would'st save thy soul, be wise;
On frailty look with tender eyes;
Wronged, injured, scorned, make it thy care
Not to revenge, but to forbear;
Give ear to misery's last appeal,
And thou despair shalt never feel.

Epitaph on a Simple Christian.

Our friend was never, all his days,
The cry "religion" known to raise;
But seldom have we heard him pray,
Or seen him give an alms away;
"And how?" we hear you asking fast,
"How did the poor wretch die at last?"
He died, thou sanctimonious snob,
With patience and with faith, like Job.

My Own Good Wife.

A SONG for thee, my own good wife;
What *shall* it be, my own good wife?
Shall I say thou art fair,
Thou hast golden hair,
Thou'rt a jewel rare, my own good wife?

Shall I tell you, my own good wife,
Your eyes are blue, my own good wife?
Shall I say that your smile
Can my heart beguile,
Amidst care and toil, my own good wife?

You would only laugh, my own good wife;
You would call it "chaff," my own good wife;
As you darned my hose,
You would toast your toes,
And cry, "O for prose," my own good wife.

So let it be, my own good wife,
I will prove to thee, my own good wife,
By what I *eschew*,
And by what I *do*,
That my love is true, my own good wife.

Lines

ON HEARING THE VANITY OF THIS LIFE IGNORANTLY PREACHED.

LET preachers rant and poets rave,
  And fools philosophize,
And let the hypocritic knave
  Avert *his* holy eyes!
This wondrous world of hill and glade
  To man is passing dear;
A child of *earth*, he was not made
  To live a *pris'ner* here.

How wretched he who seeks above
  A world of heav'nly bliss,
Yet thinks it sin to seek and love
  Whate'er is fair in this.
He seems to me the prince of saints,
  Who, with unwearied eye,
Beholds each leaf that Nature paints,
  Each star that gems the sky.

The bird that gladly mounts to *heaven*,
  And sings its praises best,
By Nature's law is kindly driven
  To make the *sod* its nest;
So he who nearest comes to God
  Has most contentment here;
And, hopeful of his last abode,
  Loves all that life makes dear.

The flow'r that first looks up on high,
  Clings to the turf below;
And, courting radiance from the sky,
  Blooms sweetly amongst snow:
So he, whose heart is freely given
  To hopes of higher birth—
The first to catch the smile of heaven,
  Is happy on the earth.

Parental Counsel.

Be strong, my child, be good, be wise;
  From sin and error flee;
But know that greatness chiefly lies
  In God-like charity.

The injured innocent, my son,
  Be careful to defend;
But him by whom the wrong is done
  To mercy still commend.

Who suffers, meek, a wicked deed,
  Revere with honour due;
But him who makes the victim bleed,
  Regard with pity too.

Judge not, as judged thou would'st not be;
  As pardoned thou would'st live,
In human form no sinner see
  Whom thou can'st not forgive.

Say not, "The woman is accursed,"
  "The man is surely lost;"
The vile have ever censured first,
  The purest pitied most.

Think how the Best that ever died,
  Upon the Cross transfixed,
The cruel, murd'rous rabble eyed
  With charity unmixed.

The blessed Christ! Himself so pure!
  Could *He* with frailty bear?
What wrongs shalt *thou* then not endure?
  Of whom shalt *thou* despair?

"Forgive them," was his latest cry,
  "They know not what they do;"
Let such a pray'r ascend on high
  For all who injure you.

"Forgive them" on thy flag, unfurled,
  Let this strange motto fly;
And so, a conqueror of the "world,"
  A "Christian" thou shalt die.

Laburnum.

THE yellow tress, Laburnum tree,
  So dear, so loved, when life was young,
Once more, by Summer's hand, I see
  Upon thy graceful branches hung;
Amidst thy waving green and gold
  I hear the minstrels, gay and glad,
Still singing carols, as of old—
  Oh! tell me why *my* heart is sad.

Around thy stem, with faces bright,
  I see the happy children play,
And hear their screams of wild delight
  Like echoes of another day;
The garland of thy golden flow'rs,
  That's woven by the blushing lad,
Recalls to me *my* childhood's hours—
  Oh! tell me *why* my heart is sad.

Upon the little maiden's brow
  I see the garland gently placed,
Nor crown before which courtiers bow
  Her beauty half so well had graced;

She would not better look the queen,
  In robes of regal splendour clad—
This radiant monarch of the green—
  Oh! tell me *why* my heart is sad.

Laburnum tree! this waving tress
  Transports me to a distant place;
Recalled by childhood's happiness,
  I see once more *her* lovely face,
So pure, so innocent, so fair;
  I crowned *her* queen of all I had,
Thy wanton branches beat the air—
  But *tell* me why my heart is sad.

Thy golden flow'rs, Laburnum tree,
  Have bloomed and wither'd many a year,
But *she* returns no more to me,
  Whose absence makes her doubly dear;
The Winters pass, the Springs return,
  At times the grave *itself* looks glad,
Yet, still she sleeps, whose loss I mourn,
  And *this* is why my heart is sad.

Here and Hereafter.

How *strangely* come the years about,
  With mis'ry, and with mirth,
How dark God's ways, as Time works out
  His providence on earth.

What means this passing, fitful scene?
  Why are *we* actors here?
Why hath the Past already been?
  Why draws the Future near?

Confusion, failure, ruin, mixed,
  The whole appears to be;
And is there then a purpose fixed
  In everything we see?

Will order from confusion flow?
  From failure spring success?
From death and ruin, will there grow
  Life, strength, and blessedness?

Worm of ignoble birth, *be still;*
  To thee it is not giv'n
To know, but only to *fulfil*
  The purposes of Heav'n.

The hidden secrets, unrevealed,
  Which now perplex thee so,
(In wisdom from thine eyes concealed),
  Thou may'st *hereafter* know.

Enough to know that God, all-good—
  All-wise—enthroned on high,
The lily's robe—the raven's food—
  Thy portion will supply.

Song.

SWEET SYREN! hear my humble pray'r,
  Repel not one who dotes on thee;
Destroy not him who has no care
  Except to worship at thy knee.

Chide not, when urged by passion strong,
  I boldly sue for thy embrace;
I cannot think of right and wrong,
  I only see thy witching face.

By day thou art my only light;
  I see no other starlet shine;
Awake, or in my dreams by night,
  I hear no other voice but thine.

That eye so cold, Oh! lift at last;
  Oh, let me catch thy bosom's sigh;
Oh, let that frown aside be cast,
  And smile on me, or I must die.

Origin of the Toper's Nose.

BACCHUS, with unwonted rattle,
Fought a fierce and dreadful battle;
Fought a long and deadly fight,
Lasting far into the night.

None could tell, at break of day,
With which side the vict'ry lay—
No one knew who was victorious,
But the battle had been "glorious."

Some were wounded, some were dead,
Not a single serf had fled—
Not a coward off had run,
Each man woke beside his gun.

Tired and worn, begrimmed and sooty,
All were at the post of duty;
Every man stood on the plain,
Ready for the fray again.

Bacchus, throned within his tent,
For the veteran leader sent;
"Come, said he, at my command,
And be knighted by my hand."

Now! to meet a deadly foe,
None was half so glad to go;
But to meet a friendly king—
That was quite a diff'rent thing.

The General felt his heart grow quaky,
All his limbs were rather shaky;
Notwithstanding length of service,
The old General was nervous.

He dreaded less a thousand swords,
Than courtly smiles or kingly words;
He dreaded more one sportive blade,
Than the terrific cannonade.

Pale as a private newly popp'd,
Down on his bended knee he dropped;
He dropped upon his bended knee,
And kissed the foot he scarce could see.

The king's eulogium past and ended,
His sword incautiously descended;

His sword unsteadily came down,
Not towards the shoulder, but the crown.

For once the veteran fear evinced,
For once his courage failed; he winced,
Accustomed as he was to blows,
And caught the stroke upon his *nose.*

The king with wond'rous ready wit,
Next moment made a second *hit;*
The king his mirth suppressing said,
"So let our friend be honoured."

"Some wear distinctions on the breast,
We place thine higher than the rest;"
"And, with a nose like glowing copper,
Bid thee arise, Sir Thomas Toper."

"Henceforth shalt thou and all thy race,
Adopt this badge upon the face;"
"And Bacchus be amongst the foes,
Of him who slights a Toper's Nose."

[illegible]

[illegible] a charming maid,
[illegible] she was poor,
[illegible] a charming pair,
[illegible]

[illegible] the very point of bliss,
[illegible] a place [illegible],
"The hand of Providence, in this,
My love, is very plain.

"I see the overruling Pow'r
Which shapes our fortunes here,
With special care bring on the hour,
When thou shalt be *my dear*."

Henpeck'd, and wretched, hapless John—
Ere six short weeks had sped—
Was heard to fetch a heavy groan,
And curse the day he wed.

The tempting prize to which he flew,
  Which he had sinned to get,
Turned out, upon a closer view,
  To be *a wife in debt!*

"Oh! what brought me to *this?*" he cried,
  Appealing unto her;
She, with another blow, replied,
  "'Twas *Providence*, good sir."

Epitaph on a Bilious Theologian.

This is the grave of a poor sinner,
Who knew not how to eat his dinner;
Who *asked* a blessing like a priest,
But ate his victuals like a beast.
The sad result I need not tell;
He never was one whole week well,
And in the end, beyond all question,
Death was brought on by indigestion.

[illegible]

Wine and song and dancing,
  This is how we go:
Merry eyes dimly glancing,
  Strong arms straining so.

Talk of fools and folly,
  Who are mad but they
Whose lives are never jolly,
  Whose hearts are never gay!

Round about the ring, boys,
  Wildly let us whirl;
Drink, and dance, and sing, boys,
  And kiss a pretty girl.

Never mind the preacher;
  Fly his groaning rant;
Let him be the teacher
  Of grandmother or aunt.

Heav'n is all around us;
  Put no trust in lies;
Let no wretch confound us
  With tales about the skies.

Let the draught be deeper;
  Quicker be the pace;
Woo the fair, and keep her
  In a fast embrace.

Think of nought but pleasure;
  Youth will soon be past;
We'll repent at leisure,
  And die like saints at last.

Wilder, louder, faster;
  Heav'n and earth! have care;
Each one escape disaster—
  The gallant and the fair.

The floor and roof are yawning;
  The lights are burning blue;
Instead of morn's bright dawning,
  Eternity bursts through.

[illegible] Imagine Enjoyment

[illegible] punishment fits their crimes,
[illegible] thinkers [illegible] we are exempted,
[illegible] they are [illegible]
[illegible] through life, what's called "tempted."

[illegible] such persons this lesson I give—
[illegible] learned not without sore by me—
"The sensations amongst which men live
Are all things which our eyes do not see."

From beginning to end, could we know
How each life is drawn onwards or driven,
We would pity more readily show;
Those we blame would be oftener forgiven.

They mistake who imagine temptation
To a *place* is confined, or a name;
To a rank, or condition, or station,
Or, what's more, to a "temper" or "frame."

Some, whom we *inexcusable* hold,
  May have claims on our love quite as great
As the sinner we clearly behold
  Hurried forward, forced on to his fate.

There are rocks in the ocean of life;
  Shifting shoals in the mariner's way;
Where *we* hear no commotion or strife—
  See no white foaming breakers, or spray.

A plant withers, or brings forth no fruit,
  Though protected and tended with toil;
There may be cause for this at the root;
  'Neath a green sod may lie barren soil.

Sin throughout our whole being is twisted;
  And, *however* our neighbours are placed,
Let's applaud when we see it resisted;
  Let us mourn when we see it embraced.

Were prince Potiphar's wife's hist'ry known,
  From her birth till she saw Joseph flee,
The vile temptress would clearly be shown
  To have been much more tempted than he.

If to bawds who are lost in a stew
  We our *charity* freely extend,

Let us pity the prodigal, too,
  Who has been their seducer and friend.

The poor lad sent to Cambridge or Eton,
  Without wit—with money in store,
Has no more ground to plant his young feet on,
  Than his friend and companion, the ——.

I give not all my pity to one;
  To deny it to either I'm loath;
A weak girl, a mad peer's only son,
  From my heart I can feel for them *both.*

Even pharisees foul, who make clean
  The outside of the platter and cup,
Might escape from our censure so keen,
  If we knew how the fools were "brought up."

And when suff'ring, in haste to be gone,
  Calls the halter or knife to its aid,
Let none say that by rash pride alone
  Is the grave of the suicide made.

No! let him who expects to be bless'd,
  Vengeance down on *no* poor sinner call;
He is ever the first to find rest
  Who is first to judge gently of *all.*

Arran.

FAREWELL, lovely Island! the mist-covered mountain,
The sweet-smiling face of the far-stretching sea,
The rough brawling stream, and the pure sparkling fountain,
Old Arran, farewell to them all and to thee!

From the hard beaten path—the dull round of existence—
All glad as the workman who hears the night-bell,
We came, leaving care and toil far in the distance,
To feast on the glories of golden Goatfell.

We came from the crowd—from the tumult and rattle,
The dust and the din of the great field of strife;
We came to seek rest, and grow strong for the battle,
And hopeful and fresh for the journey of life.

How gaily the sides of the grey hills we've clamber'd,
Through blue-bells and purple heath wending our way!
How sweet has our sleep been, when peacefully chamber'd
In Lagg's quiet inn, at the close of the day!

We've followed the course of the bold mountain river,
  And waked up the echoes of corrie and dell
With laughter and songs, which will haunt them for ever,
  If beauty and sweetness have lost not their spell.

Our ears have drunk in the wild roar of the ocean,
  And listened to catch the lambs' voice on the breeze;
We've watched the lone sea-bird, so graceful in motion,
  And track'd the white sail on its path through the seas.

We've bathed in the blue waves which gambol around thee;
  And, fond as the miser who heaps up his store,
Have treasured the headlands which nobly surround thee,
  And gathered the shells which lie strewn on thy shore.

Cut off from all envy, distrust, and resentment,
  We've shared a cup full as e'er mortals possessed;
Our days have been joy, and our evenings contentment,
  And now we feel strengthened, and happy, and blest.

With more faith in God, with more love to each other;
  More humble, more gentle, forgiving, and kind;
Less ready to judge or to censure our brother,
  And to our own faults less indulgent and blind.

Knit closer to truth—to the pure and the holy;
  Abhorring all vileness, and cant, and deceit;

Contemning the proud, and in league with the lowly,
  We go forth, sweet Isle, from thy quiet retreat.

Back, back to the world, with its trial and duty,
  Our pathway now lies; but, across the wide sea,
Our thoughts will oft turn to the grandeur and beauty
  Which Friendship and Love have made sacred in thee.

Oh dear love and friendship! they only can bless us;
  With them we are happy wherever we roam;
They brighten strange scenes, and they wait to caress us,
  And welcome us back to our kindred and home.

Farewell, lovely Island! thy blue peaks are shaded—
  I see thee no more o'er the wild heaving swell—
But mem'ry must die, and affection be faded,
  Ere I can forget thee—Old Arran, farewell!

Dark Days.

How swallow floating high
Neath a blue unclouded sky—
Lightly poised on sportive wings—
Circling in aerial rings,
Wheeling, turning, like a dream
Flitting o'er the placid stream;
Twittering by bank or "brow,"
What of sorrow knowest thou!

Dweller in the pool below,
Blest to hear the brooklet flow;
Neath the stream now lost to sight—
Out again in shallows bright;
Rising at the restless fly,
Or the mote that's sailing by,
Whilst the sunbeams o'er thee shine—
What a joyous life is thine!

Flutt'ring light, in rich array,
O'er the flow'rs and blossom'd spray—
Gath'ring honey, making love—
Where thou willest free to rove;
Morning, evening, noonday bright
Minist'ring to thy delight;
Is there such a word as "sigh"
In thy language, butterfly?

Whence this anguish, doubt, and fear,
Mem'ry sad, and prospect drear?
Why, like an untimely leaf,
Hope and joy thus changed to grief?
Why do loved ones "fall asleep?"
Why are mourners left to weep?
Why, when other's hearts are glad?
Is the heart of man so sad?

"*He* is gracious; *He* is wise!"
Faith with falt'ring voice replies:
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
I will not my God mistrust;
Desolate, afflicted sore,
I will love Him more and more;
Blinded, still *His* praise I'll sing;
Lost, to *Him* I'll cry and cling."

"Bird, and fish, and insect gay,
All have known a darker day;
Weary flights the swallow took;
The minnow languished in the brook;
The butterfly slept in its cell—
God has 'ordered all things well;'
Winter's darkest day goes by—
Summer suns are in the sky."

Epitaph on a Selfish Clergyman.

Of "*sacred numbers*," ten or seven,
His Reverence *preached* from morn to even;
But on from dawn, till set of sun,
He always minded *number one.*
To preach or pray, when he began,
He was a self-denying man;
But when he rested from his labours,
More selfish far than all his neighbours.

To Annie.

TENDER bud of affection—a fond mother's care—
Of my shelter bereft, I will waft thee a pray'r;
And the wings of the morning shall carry for me
A fond father's first blessing, my darling, to thee.

Like the needle unerring, though thou art unknown,
(How I yearn for thee, dream of thee, call thee *my own*),
Although severed by distance and all that's between,
My heart turns unto thee, whom I never have seen.

May the gale gently blow on thy opening blossom,
May the show'r lightly fall on thy pure spotless bosom,
May the sunbeam shine softly around thy young stem,
Till each dewdrop shall sparkle like diamond or gem.

May the chill frost be far, and the hand that is cold,
Till thy virtues shall ripen, thy graces unfold;
May thy beauty be blooming, thy fragrance unshed,
When the root thou hast sprung from is sapless and dead.

When thy Summer has passed, when thy Winter draws
near,
May thy leaf not, like mine, droop unsightly and sere;
May the *first* blast that comes, not in anger but love,
Spread thy ashes below—bear thy spirit above.

Tender bud of affection—a fond mother's care—
Of my shelter bereft, I have sent thee a pray'r,
And the wings of the morning have carried for me
A fond father's first blessing, my darling, to thee.

Epitaph on a Grumbler.

HERE lies Johnny B—, who, whilst life was prolonged,
To the worst class of groaners and grumblers belonged;
Who, whate'er his good fortune, however well used,
Was at *no time* contented, was *always* abused.
When to this quiet dwelling Death gave him a call,
He protested, with warmth, that the house was *too small;*
If he gets into heav'n, he will make a wry face,
And be sure to find fault with the *size* of the place.

To a Corn-Craik at Midnight.

Thou ill-contrived, lank, long-legged creature,
Who hast not one redeeming feature;
Who not one point of beauty bearest
About thee but the coat thou wearest;
Who, wisely, of all feathered kind,
Art to the shortest flight confined;
So that thou mayest, abject, mean,
Live, if thou wilt, unknown, unseen,
Beyond the reach of hate or scorn,
The worthless life to which thou'rt born:
What tempts, at such untimeous hour,
To this display of vocal power?
Why from thy garrulous dry throat
Pour forth the changeless, tuneless note,
And on my wakeful ear prolong
A sound that's anything but song,
Which bears to music no relation,
Disturbing me and all creation?
Vain wretch! because since eventide
Thou'st screiched and heard no one beside,

No blackbird shrill, no redbreast clear,
No linnet, no lark hovering near—
Because, beneath the cold moonshine,
No voice has sought to rival thine,
Thou'rt fall'n into the mad belief
That thou of songsters art the chief;
And that the rest, on turf or tree,
Sit silent, list'ning unto thee.
So, swoll'n with vain conceit and pride,
Thou'lt strut with wings expanding wide;
And onward, until break of day,
Wilt screich and screich, and screich alway,
Until the earliest bantam's crow
Shall teach thee what thou well might'st know,
And send thee, impudent, ill-bred,
To seek some cover for thy head.
  Let me, since I awake must be,
The fitting emblem find in thee
Of him who may with due propriety
Be dubbed the corn-craik of society—
The creature, be he priest or clown,
In fustian coat or silken gown,
Whose croak assails the public ear
From platform, press, or pulpit drear;
Who having once lift up his voice,
Is charmed himself to hear the noise,

And by and by gets so bewitched
That he believes the world enriched,
And shouts and spouts in one dry strain
The same tale o'er and o'er again;
Nor ends, perhaps, till he has prayed
The Lord to bless what has been said—
What he, by some insane deduction,
Boldly assumes to be *instruction*,
Thinking, of course, in fervid frame,
That all his hearers do the same.

Such puppet thinks deep silence round
A tribute to his powers profound;
Sleep to his eye appears devotion,
In yawns he only sees emotion;
He yearns, he groans, he sputters—oh!
He *would* save all who dwell below:
He *cannot* think to close his lips
Lest Truth should suffer an eclipse,
And those who in his presence sit
Be left to darkness and the pit.
Wholly intent on their *conviction*,
He dreams not of the sore affliction
His zeal entails on not a few,
Who, wearied, writhe in seat or pew,
And wait, impatient, maids and men,
For (welcome word) the word "Amen."

Whilst ignorance (that darkness drear)
Prevails, *this* corn-craik we must hear;
But wisdom's dawn will bring us peace,
For then the hateful sound will cease;
And modest voices, silent long,
Shall bless mankind with wit and song.

Epitaph on a Good Man.

This man, when living, lived with God—
It matters not where he has gone,
Where Virtue fixes its abode,
It *makes* a Heaven, if there is none.

I Have Not Lost my All.

"No, no! I have not lost my all,"
  I heard an old man say,
Whose hard-earned gold the recent "call"
  Had wholly swept away.
I've lost what I for many a year
  Had toiled right hard to win;
But yet to say, I've nothing here,
  Oh! that would be a sin!

These locks are bleached, these veins are dry,
  These hands are palsied now;
O'er fortune's field no heart have I
  Again to drive the plough;
But *they* shall toil through storm and rain
  Who sunshine shared with me;
The harvest hours shall come again,
  And woe and want shall flee.

I've lost what I had deemed secure;—
  Lost in an evil time;
And though I know that to be poor
  Is neither shame nor crime;
By charity 'tis hard to live—
  My very heart would break—
The hands once ready stretched to give,
  They cannot stretch to take!

'Tis hard to meet the altered look
  Of many a summer friend;
Long years of toil to rise it took—
  The harder to descend:
But He who cut the path I wend
  Will give me strength to go;
And, tottering on, I'll reach the end,
  Although my step be slow.

The man who loved me for my gains
  May leave me, if he choose;
Misfortune strengthens no such chains—
  At every strain they lose;
But those who own a truer tie,
  They will not, *cannot* change,
Their deathless love gold could not buy,
  And want shall ne'er estrange.

And dearer far to me are such
  Than gold or silver bright;
I love them, Oh! I love them much,
  And most of all to-night:
For as the heavy hammer's blow
  Will heat the bar it bends,
Misfortune's stroke makes warmer glow
  True hearts, true hands, true friends!

"No, no! I have not lost my all,"
  I heard an old man say,
Whose hard-earned gold the recent "call"
  Had wholly swept away.
I've lost what I for many a year
  Had toiled right hard to win;
But yet to say, I've nothing here,
  Oh! that would be a sin!

Lines on the Return of the Redbreast.

WELCOME! welcome! beauteous stranger,
  Welcome to my home again,
Welcome, little forest ranger,
  From the dark and wintry glen.
Howls the tempest round thy dwelling?
  Cold and cheerless is thy nest?
Are the waves of trouble swelling
  Wildly in thy gentle breast?

Come—I have a fellow feeling
  With such suffering as thine;
Winter's shades are swiftly stealing
  O'er my life's sweet Summer shine:
Yet the God who sent thee hither
  Ceases not to care for me,
And in thy distress, wee brither,
  I will shield and shelter thee!

Robin, what though thou hast tasted
  Bitter draughts of grief and pain,
Though thy native dell lies wasted,
  Its wild flowers shall bloom again:
There again the mimic river
  Shall resume its plaintive lay—
There the bright green leaf shall quiver,
  And the balmy zephyr play.

But the voice of Spring shall wake not
  Her who scatter'd crumbs for thee;
Silence, which thy strains can break not,
  Reigns beneath the cypress tree;
Whilst thy song of sweetest gladness
  Rings amidst the deepening gloom,
Eve is weeping tears of sadness
  O'er the flowers on Mary's tomb!

Here, ere I have closed the shutters,
  I shall spread to-morrow's meals—
Whilst the heart within me flutters,
  As, from anguish joy it steals—
For methinks yon bright star gazes
  On me whilst I linger here,
And I hear a voice, whose praises
  Sound like thine, my absent dear!

Go—thou addest to my sorrow,
  Do not sing again to-night;
Go—and come again to-morrow
  With the dawn of morning light:
Then thou'lt sing, whilst I shall hearken,
  Of those bright and fair domains
Where no clouds of sorrow darken,
  And unfading Summer reigns!

Ocean Flowers.

PRESENTED AS A TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

REMEMBRANCERS sweet of the years that are flown,
Of the bloom and the beauty which friendship hath strewn
O'er life's rugged pathway, else cheerless and lone,
Wild weeds of the Sea, ye are dearer to me
Than the loveliest flowers ever deck'd Summer's lea—
Though dead, from your tomb comes a sweeter perfume
Than the garden can give in the hour of its bloom.

Earth's flowers, like false friendships, so flaunting and gay
Till the sun of the Summer has shed its last ray,
At the first breath of Winter, they wither away;
Like the mother's heart torn by the child she has borne,
The bosom which nursed them's left bare and forlorn,
And the reptile unclean of corruption is seen,
Where their beauty, short-lived, as deceitful has been.

Fair tokens of friendship, unfailing and true,
Though Day gives no sunshine and Evening no dew,
Still in freshness unfaded, unchanging in hue,
Ye clung close and fast midst the surge and the blast,
Till, by Death, on the shore of Eternity cast,
No longer to brave the wild wind or the wave,
Your blossoms have lovelier sprung from the grave.

Wild weeds of the sea, ye are dearer to me
Than the gaudiest flowers ever deck'd Summer's lea;
Though dead, from your tomb comes a sweeter perfume
Than the garden can give in the hour of its bloom.

The True Light.

PAUSE, worldling! eager in the race
For happiness and joy;
The meteors thou dost fondly chase
Burn only to decoy—
Far from felicity and peace,
The soul they would destroy.

How many travellers, lost like thee—
Lured by the passing glare—
When to its distant fires they flee,
[illegible]nd pleasure but a snare;
[illegible], as they bend above it, see
[illegible]thing but ashes there.

Though countless beacons shed their rays
  On thy dark tortuous track,
But one, of all which court thy gaze,
  Can guide the wanderer back,
To find, in heavenly wisdom's ways,
  All that the soul can lack.

Above the wicket gate, behold
  That star, ye poor oppressed!
It marks, as brightly as of old,
  The mansion of the blest;
And leads the weary to the fold
  Of everlasting rest.

Procrastination.

THE APOLOGY.

WITH trembling fingers it was penned;
  His head upon his hand he leant;
He ponder'd—" No, I'll *see* my friend"—
  And so the note was never sent.

They met! the hand he frankly stretched
  Was by the other coldly spurned—
A quick, sharp breath, with pain, he fetched,
  And red with shame his forehead burned.

And thus they parted! friend from friend—
  From that hour neither *could* repent;
Their lives were severed to the end,
  Because the letter *was* not sent.

Give gen'rous impulse ready play—
  Fail not to *do* what's nobly *meant*—
Mischief is wrought by *weak delay*,
  As often as by *bad intent*.

THE VISIT.

"YES! I will see my suff'ring friend—
  To-morrow, I will *surely* go!
He needs my help, and I can lend
  As much as will assuage his woe."

It came about—he knew not how—
  Mirth, business, *something* came betwixt;
His visit was not paid, but now
  He starts, with purpose firmly fixed.

He knocks! "Good sir, your friend is dead!"—
  So speaks the guardian of the place—
And *now* he sees him; bows his head,
  And rains hot tears upon his face.

Had he but gone the day before!—
  He hears that death-bed message yet,
And carries at his bosom's core,
  The anguish of *a vain* regret.

It *was* to help another by,
In *lonely* musing he wasted time—
His suffering, *unuttered*, may be
A heavy burden on *thy* heart.

THE PENITENT.

Year after year, with hope fettered,
His friends awaited his return;
Year after year the sinner erred,
And hope had all but ceased to burn.

Yet not *quite* ceased—one effort more—
He gathered up his failing strength;
And now, the weary struggle o'er,
The victory seemed his at length.

Again he fell! fixed was his fate!
"I'll try as I have never tried,
I *cannot* die in such a state"—
With these words on his lips he *died*.

Man's strength declines, as greater grow
  The pow'rs of evil unsubdued;
Weaker, he meets a fiercer foe
  Each time the battle is *renewed.*

Nurse tenderly, *when fresh and green,*
  Each noble purpose of the mind;
The fairest bud may, nipped at e'en,
  To-morrow wither in the wind.

The Moth.

To pleasures arms, unhappy moth,
  Though warned of danger, thou would'st fly,
And now thou creepest, nothing loath,
  To the appointed place to die.

Created and prepared by Heaven
  To find thy happiness in night,
'Twas madness, thus by passion driv'n,
  To rush on the destroying light.

'Twas madness! this must reason find,
  And yet, when all thy pangs I see,
Poor wretch, now wingless, maimed and blind,
  I pardon and I pity thee.

Alas! for thee the silly moth—
  Alas! for her the thoughtless maid—
I pardon and I pity both—
  So tempted, dazzled, and betrayed!

Ah! foolish moth—ah! erring man;
  Yet, who can coldly sentence either?
May it not be that Heaven's great plan
  Involves the endless woe of neither?

The Shipwreck.

"WATCH AND PRAY THAT YE ENTER NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

Ho, mariner! awake!—awake!—
  There's wrath in yonder sky;
To the quiet haven thyself betake
  Until the storm pass by.

Awake!—awake!—no gentle gale
  Wafts thee the waters o'er;
Around thy tiny bark so frail
  The angry billows roar.

Ho, mariner! awake!—awake!—
  Thy ship is tempest-driven,
And all its rending timbers quake
  Beneath the bolts of heaven.

Awake!—awake!—this haven passed,
  No power or skill can check
Thy mad career; and thou at last
  Wilt make a fearful wreck.

The lightnings flash—awake!—awake!—
  This is no time for sleep;
White as the drifted snowy flake
  Around thee breakers leap.

In vain, alas!—in vain I call—
  The voyage of life is o'er;
Death and destruction spread the pall,
  And thou shalt wake no more.

But I anew will trim the light,
  That watchful ones at sea,
Amidst the darkness of the night,
  May not be wrecked like thee.

"Hail! Sweet Cuckoo."

"HAIL! sweet Cuckoo!" begins the *Bard*,
Of praise so lavish and reward;
Although, poor soul! he often lives
Vainly expecting what he gives;
His blatant "hails" but hidden sighs;
His "plaudits" prayers in disguise.

"Hail! sweet Cuckoo!" In early Spring
When first he comes on tardy wing,
Announcing one we long to greet,
His note I own is very sweet;
But, now the season's fairly *come*,
'Tis time, *I* think, that he were dumb.

His voice reminds me of the friend
Who warns when woes or joys impend;
Who, when we *have* the joy or woe
Keeps calling out "I told you so;"
Adds to our sorrows; or our joys
By pertinacity destroys.

"Hail! sweet Cuckoo!" I wish I *could;*
But, though the bird be e'er so good,
Though best intentions urge his *throat,*
And warmest wishes swell his note,
Too often heard, the sound is stale,
And I cry *anything* but "hail!"

By night or day, by hill or dale,
'Tis sweet to hear a pleasant tale,
But he must have a strong desire
Whose ear "good stories" *cannot* tire;
The *best* of tales, *too often heard,*
Irks any one except a bard.

"Hail! sweet Cuckoo!" The welcome bird
Which first appeared with joy was heard,
But late arrivals in a crowd—
None half so sweet—all quite as loud,
Cry "hail" to *them* who likes, for me,
I'm tired of their monotony.

The "Artist's" hailed who has designed
A work to bless or cheer mankind;
His imitators, servile, weak,
Who rant or bluster, daub or squeak,
Priest, patriot, painter, poet poor,
I pity, but can not endure.

"Hail! sweet Cuckoo!" No, sir, not I,
I've listened till I yawn and sigh—
From week to week—from morn till night—
My patience is exhausted quite;
I almost wish for Summer's end,
So tired am I of your *sweet* friend.

Let none who preach, or paint, or sing,
Set forth too much of *one good thing;*
However much the dish delight,
Large portions spoil the appetite,
Whilst wholesome *change* keeps up its tone,
Whets its desire, and tempts it on.

"Hail! sweet Cuckoo!"—But those who teach
Should always *practice* what they preach;
Although this dish is *very good,*
To press it further might be rude;—
May future courses have a zest
To please the most fastidious guest.

Winter.

HARK! the cheerful Redbreast whistles,
As if perched on golden sheaves;
Whilst the frozen snow-flake rustles
'Mong the crisp and yellow leaves.

Dreary night is in the distance;
And the very Winter day,
Weary of its short existence,
Hurries from the scene away.

Bitter is the blast that's blowing,
Shelterless the naked tree,
Whence that saddened strain is flowing,
Like the Song of Hope to me.

Warbler, when amidst thy sorrow
Thus I hear thee sweetly sing,
I, like thee, will trust to-morrow,
Should to-day no succour bring.

Aye, and should to-morrow be
  Bleak and bitter as to-day,
Robin, I will sing like thee
  Yet a softer, sweeter lay.

Well methinks thou can'st remember
  All the joys of Summer's glen,
When the howl of dark December
  Drives thee to the haunts of men.

And shall man in *his* distress,
  Trusting to superior power,
Be to thee, left comfortless,
  Cruel in *thy* helpless hour?

If the suppliant's cry be fervent
  For the succour he would bring,
Will he slight the meanest servant
  In thy household, God and King?

Mercy, like the skies above me,
  Thou to all things dost extend,
And in Thee and those who love Thee
  Shall the needy find a friend.

Whilst I have a crumb to spare,
  Robin, thou shalt never want,
Then thoul't sing for me a prayer
  Heaven will not refuse to grant.

The Moth and the Man.

First Voice.

DARK is the night, the flame is bright,
It must, it must have joys for me;
Within the ring, on circling wing,
Oh! happy, happy I shall be.

Second Voice.

The light will *blind*, the heat will *burn*,
From this delusive brightness turn—
It shines amidst surrounding gloom
To lure the simple to his doom.

First Voice.

So cold, so cold, can I behold
The liquid light, the flick'ring ray,
And languish here in doubt and fear
Until these splendours pass away?

Second Voice.

Remain! remain! the glare you see,
Another's joy, is pain to thee;
Haste, haste, from this temptation fly,
To flutter nearer is to die.

First Voice.

Joy! joy! delight! how warm, how bright!
  I'm safe amidst the dazzling rays;
I know, I know, I *must* not go
  Too near the burning, scorching blaze.

Second Voice.

Thy boasted knowledge nought avails;
As strength is wasted caution fails;
And pangs that warn amidst thy joys
But drive thee on to what destroys.

First Voice.

Too late! too late! I dread my fate,
  Yet thus alone relieve my pain;
I burn! I burn! I would return—
  Alas! repentance now is vain!

Last Voice.

In darkness lost, I heard thy moan;
The end has come—the light has gone—
Thy short career foreshadows mine;
My fate, I fear, will be like *thine.*

Exiles.

WHILST lanely yestreen through a fair valley roamin',
As far in the West the day closed its bright e'e;
Concealed 'neath the deep dark'ning shades of the gloamin'
A thousand sweet minstrels sang blythely to me.

The trees of the dark wood sighed deep as they listened,
The brook gliding on hushed its babblings to hear;
On Earth's dropping eyelid a tear of joy glistened,
As balmy winds wafted the strains to her ear.

Behind the dark mountain the red sun departed,
Yet high on its grey summit lingered a while,
Till far from the blue sky the bright stars had started
The hours of his absence from earth to beguile.

To his nest in the wild heath the laverock descended,
The linnet dropped down like a leaf from the spray,
The flocks with their lambs to the fold, unattended,
In silence and peace slowly wended their way.

Why is the lone blackbird so loud in her wailing?
  Why wakes she the deep-breathing woods from their rest?
What aileth her mate that he wildly is sailing
  Above the green spot where they builded their nest?

I watched them a while, till in deep voiceless sadness
  They perched on the branch where their home once had
    been,
Whose green leaves so oft to the notes of their gladness
  Had danced with the zephyrs who woo'd them at e'en.

'Twas here they had met when the snowdrop was springing;
  Here first they had sported beneath the green boughs;
'Twas here that their voices had mingled whilst singing
  A hymn of delight when they plighted their vows.

Here long had they laboured to build them a dwelling,
  With clay from the bank and with straw from the shed;
And soon they rejoiced whilst a mother was telling
  Of four little ones to be tended and fed.

But now, what avails it, their hopes have been blighted,
  The merciless hand of a wretch has been there,
And left them to wander, bereaved and benighted,
  A homeless, a childless, a heart-stricken pair!

Together they sat, and the low notes they muttered
  Were sweet as the whispers of angels above;
I heard, but I knew not, the words which were uttered—
  This only I knew—'twas the language of love.

Then waking the echoes far down by the river,
  As stretching their pinions they rose for the flight,
They took their farewell of the valley for ever,
  And melted away in the shades of the night.

So wander in sorrow, far far from the islands
  Their forefathers died on the heather to save,
Ten thousand brave clansmen, their hearts in the Highlands,
  Their homes in the sky, and their hopes in the grave.

Lines to a Lady

ON THE DEATH OF TWO PROMISING SONS.

TWICE has the shaft of death been thrown,
  Twice has *her* breast been bared in vain—
Each life was dearer than her own,
  How can she live since *both* are slain?

Her Sons "are not," and, in despair,
  Her heart recalls, with mem'ry keen,
Their voices soft—their faces fair—
  All that they were and might have been.

What *can* assuage the mother's woe?
  For grief *like hers* is there relief?
In heaven above, on earth below,
  Can there be balm for such a grief?

Oh! mock her not with "change of scene;"
  Say not that "time will lift the load;"
On arm of flesh bid her not lean,
  But leave her with her Father-God.

The cry of those whose loss she mourns
  Her *inmost soul* could deeply stir,
And has not God a heart which burns
  With truer, deeper love for *her?*

Perchance she chastened those, in love,
  She rather would have died than harm;
And can she doubt that God above
  Chastises, with a *Father's* arm?

In vain we seek to pierce the gloom
  Of Providence, and Death's dark night;
But if, when blinded by the tomb,
  We look to Heaven, lo! all is light.

Through all that is God's purpose runs—
  Faith makes perplexing myst'ries plain;
Oh mother! weep not for thy sons—
  They have not lived, or died, in vain.

The seedling which uptorn has been,
  As precious in God's sight appears,
As mighty oaks, whose branches green
  Have flourished for a thousand years.

And can we doubt that lives so fair,
  As those thou to the grave hast giv'n,
Removed beyond thy love and care,
  Are still the love and care of Heaven?

The Cursed Delusion.

When I married Nell, into bad habits fell,
  And so brought my house into confusion;
'Twas Nelly one day, in a passion did say,
  "Oh! drink is a curséd delusion."

You *may* think it strange, but although you could range
  Throughout language, in all its profusion,
You *never* could frame so descriptive a name
  For drink as "a curséd delusion."

The poets, indeed, in its praise are agreed,
  But, in their case, there must be collusion;
Howe'er their lips move, let their histories prove
  That drink is "a curséd delusion."

Philosophers too, and wise men not a few,
  Have arrived at a diff'rent conclusion;
But he who was head over all wise men said,
  That drink was "a curséd delusion."

'Twas all very right, when we sat down last night,
  Quite secluded, and safe from intrusion,
To boldly deny, as our spirits got high,
  That drink was "a curséd delusion."

But I, coming out from our jolly good bout,
  Toppled down and sustained this contusion;
And now I can spy, even with but one eye,
  That drink is "a curséd delusion."

Arising from bed, with a sore-aching head,
  Unto which I dare make no allusion,
I fully agree, with what Nell says to me,
  That "drink is a curséd delusion."

And here do I swear, that at home and elsewhere,
  I will vote for its total exclusion—
From parties and balls, and from quiet friendly calls,
  Away with the "curséd delusion."

"John Barleycorn."

A FAIR smiling face has "John Barleycorn,"
A fair smiling face has "John Barleycorn,"
What a merry twinkling eye, 'neath the dark brow arching high,
Oh! how care and sorrow fly from "John Barleycorn?"

A sweet winning voice has "John Barleycorn,"
A sweet winning voice has "John Barleycorn,"
Amongst all the friends we meet, there is none upon the street,
That we're half so glad to greet as "John Barleycorn."

A warm friendly grasp has "John Barleycorn,"
A warm friendly grasp has "John Barleycorn,"
There is none in all the land who can bring us to a stand,
By the offer of his hand, like "John Barleycorn."

A hospitable roof has "John Barleycorn,"
  A hospitable roof has "John Barleycorn,"
Oh! how great is our delight, until far into the night,
  When we're blessed with an invite from "John Barleycorn."

How soft the bed spread by "John Barleycorn,"
  How soft the bed spread by "John Barleycorn,"
When into its folds we creep, Oh! how soundly do we sleep,
  After drinking long and deep with "John Barleycorn."

A false rotten heart has "John Barleycorn,"
  A false rotten heart has "John Barleycorn,"
We arise at break of day, and we curse the treach'rous way
  Which first led our steps astray with "John Barleycorn."

Let us then beware of "John Barleycorn,"
  Let us then beware of "John Barleycorn,"
For in spite of smiles and mirth, there is not a fiend on earth,
  Who brings sorrow to the hearth like "John Barleycorn."

Epitaph on a Miserly Lawyer.

"NAKED into the world we came";—
This truth *all* men believe the same;
But Davie always seemed to doubt
That *he* could "carry nothing out."

From nine to ninety, nothing here
Could give him joy but gathering "gear;"
And as his burden yearly grew,
His wish for more seemed growing too.

Fain would he with his wealth have stayed,
But, losing hope as strength decayed,
In later days it was his whim
To take his wealth along with him.

Old age and frailty made it plain
That *here* he could not long remain;
And thinking of the final gasp,
He clutched his gold with tighter grasp.

EPITAPH ON A MISERLY LAWYER.

The night was dark—the hour was late—
He all but got through yonder gate,
But Death is watchful, and, at will,
Can match the 'cutest legal skill.

A scuffle short—a heavy groan—
Deed—mortgage—money—all were gone!
And he was hurried to the tomb
As naked as he left the womb.

Poor as a beggar, here he lies,
For worms and cold neglect a prize;
Go, tip the sexton, and you'll see him
Within the crumbling mausoleum.

He wished it kept in good repair,
But 'tis neglected, for the "heir"
To whom his vast possessions fell,
Inherited his *greed* as well.

Lines Suggested by the Death

OF ALEXANDER H. OSWALD, ESQ., OF AUCHINCRUIVE.

FAR-WINDING AYR! in times gone past,
  Spring's smile and Summer's golden beam
A thousand nameless beauties cast
  Profusely o'er thy gurgling stream:
Thy woods were clothed with verdure gay;
  Thy perfumed blossoms filled the air;
Thy songsters piped from every spray,
  And all thy flow'rs were blooming fair.

Now, changed the scene: the deepening flood
  Hoarse murmuring seeks the angry sea;
The wind moans through the fading wood,
  Or howls around the prostrate tree.
Thy boldest songster silent now!—
  Withered the last of all thy flow'rs!—
With saddened heart, and clouded brow,
  I wander through thy leafless bowers.

Far-winding Ayr! not thou alone
  Of Spring or Summer hours can'st boast,
In changing life 'tis ours to own,
  And lose what thou hast owned and lost:
We have our Spring of warm delight,
  Our Summer with its flow'rs and glee,
Our Autumn, and our Winter night
  As dark as ever fell on thee.

Along thy banks, from sea to source,
  What sweeter spot can rise to view?
Had'st thou, in all thy winding course,
  A happier home than Auchincruive?
And yet, sepulchral gloom to-night
  Around this lordly pile is thrown;
A deeper gloom, succeeding light,
  Than thou in all thy years hast known.

Fond mem'ry hears the pealing bell,
  Which hailed the Lord—the noble bride—
The child of hope—and now its knell
  Has laid them, silent, side by side;
They sleep beneath the yew's dark shade,
  Until the grave resigns its trust;
Where Summer's glories fall and fade,
  And beauty crumbles into dust.

Far-winding Ayr! thy waters dark
  Are brightened by a transient beam,
One streak of golden light I mark
  Still lingering o'er thy troubled stream;
I hear a lonely redbreast sing
  Of sunny Summers yet to come;
And hope revives, and fear takes wing,
  And my complaining voice is dumb.

The Spring which shall to thee return,
  And wake thy flow'rs again to bloom,
Shall visit also those we mourn,
  And shed its brightness o'er the tomb.
Though silence reigns around their bed,
  And solemn branches o'er them wave;
Faith still hears whispers from the dead,
  And sees a sunbeam on the grave.

Which was in the Right?

Jim and Julia loved each other,
  Sighed and vowed, and wrote and read;
Kind friends tried the flame to smother—
  Out it burst, and they were wed.

Wondrous bliss they shared together,
  Charms disclosing every day—
Till the moon changed, and the weather,
  When their ardour passed away.

"Eden"—so 'twas represented—
  Soon became "a little hell!"
Husband scowled, and wife tormented—
  This is how it all befell.

Jim would have a *steak* for dinner;
  Home he hastened from his shop—
"Heavens!" he cried, "as I'm a sinner,
  Julia! do you say it's chop?"

"Chop! You *told* me to prepare it,"
  Julia shrieked with arching lid;
"No, I didn't, and I'll swear it."
  "Yes!" she shouted, "yes, you did."

Here there followed explanations,
  Making matters vastly worse;
One long week's recriminations,
  Then the mutual hearty curse.

Julia now is with *her mother*—
  Jim was "lodging" forced to take:
One still thinks 'twas *chop*—the other
  To this hour believes 'twas *steak*.

MORAL.

Life is not, as you'll discover,
  Full of rings and billet doux;
Be not hasty as a lover,
  Lest your bargain you should rue.

"Mutual love" may tempt and beckon;
  But get wed on no pretence
Till you're sure that you can reckon
  On a little *mutual sense*.

To the Reb. Wm. Buchanan,

ON THE OCCASION OF HIS LEAVING AYR FOR EDINBURGH.

WILLIE! 'tis said that since you're leavin',
Some folks are glad, and some are grievin';
A noble compliment, I ween,
If friends and foes were only seen,
A line distinctly drawn between.

Cut by thy pointed paragraph,
The stubborn mule and silly calf
Will bray and bellow forth their glee,
And bless the fates that set them free,
And rid the "wicked toun" o' thee.

The slanderer with his poisoned barb,
Concealed 'neath friendship's sacred garb;
The purse-proud tyrant and the "screw,"
And quacks, of every shape and hue,
Are happy all to say "Adieu!"

As crackling thorns will feed the bleeze,
Their nostrums for a time did please;
But by and bye they, too, like them,
Were lost in stench, and smoke, and flame,
And truth and talent won the game.

Now that their "occupation's gone"—
Each painted bubble over-blown—
When men no longer deem their brains
The source of all that appertains
To public weal in these domains—

They hate the man and curse the pen
That showed their tricks to "honest men;"
And could they blend their voices a'
In ane, richt crousely would they craw—
The "Tory Editor's awa'!"

I know not which becomes thee best,
Or should be dearest to thy breast—
The deadly hate which they avow,
Or love of those who meet thee now
To bind a wreath around thy brow.

You've braved life's wildest, keenest blast,
And now, when sunshine's come at last,
Heaven lend thee wisdom ilka day
To mend the bits o' fauts you ha'e,
And aye to mind your neebour's too.

By some whom thou wilt leave behind
Thy name will doubtless be maligned;
And tongues as changing as a swivel
Will prophesy thee woe and evil,
And paint thee black as ony "deevil."

But, "WILLIE lad!" you'll hae a frien'
To tell your worth whare ye ha'e been;
When men o' paper, cork, and straw,
That turned the way the wind did blaw,
Are clean forgotten, ane and a'.

And mem'ry may recall to thee
Those who are met with tearful e'e,
(Whilst grateful bosoms proudly swell
With what they feel, but may not tell),
To shake thy hand and say—"Farewell!"

The Thirsty Blacksmith.

THE poor blacksmith had got a spark in his throat,
  And the publican, under the spire,
Said he need not lose heart, a sixpenny quart
  Of good beer would extinguish the fire.

Thinking "that is not dear," he swallowed the beer,
  And believed the spark burning no longer,
But before very long he found he was wrong,
  For the heat in his throat became stronger.

To get rid of the pain, he stepped out again,
  And more freely partook of the liquor—
The flame now seemed quite dead, and he went to bed,
  But next morning 'twas burning still quicker.

He went back in great grief, and purchased relief,
  But the pain as before became greater,
And at night, to make sure of permanent cure,
  He sat drinking more deeply, and later.

He knew not what to blame—it still was the same—
  The red spark in his throat still kept burning;
Ev'ry night he would pay to get it away—
  Ev'ry morning it *would keep returning.*

He quite emptied his purse—his state getting worse—
  He could now hardly swallow his spittle;
And most anxiously prayed for the landlord's aid,
  But he could not get even *a little.*

Lying down very dry, he thought he must die,
  And in agony called on his daughter
To take out to the spring her pitcher, and bring
  Her poor father a little cold water.

Having drunk very deep, he soon fell asleep,
  And next morning his troubles were ended,
Nor since that happy day one penny of pay
  Has the blacksmith on "liquor" expended.

Let all others take notes, with sparks in their throats,
  If they would not much longer endure them,
The "stoup" or the "pot" is certainly not,
  In the end, very likely to cure them.

If their hot thirst to slake, beer, whisky, they take,
  Each successive dose *will* make them drier,
And the red spark, so small at first, after all,
  May become an unquenchable fire.

Dyspepsy.

NAME all the ills flesh can endure,
  (And they are great and many),
A stomach physic cannot cure,
  I hold the worst of any.

What countless doses, draughts and pills,
  Have unto mine descended;
I've paid no end of doctors' bills,
  In hopes to have it mended.

I've blindly done what each thought right,
  And bolted each prescription,
Yet I endure this blessed night,
  A fate beyond description.

For ever, wheresoe'er I flit,
  I find myself beclouded,
Still sinking in a deeper pit,
  In blacker darkness shrouded.

To me there's nothing sweet or fair,
  Despair is ever present,
The temper of a grizzly bear,
  Compared with mine is pleasant.

Ask me what is man's greatest curse,
  I answer, beyond question,
In life he can know nothing worse,
  Than "bile or bad digestion."

One may be poor—in pain—estranged
  From friends, his hopes undone,
But he whose stomach is deranged,
  Bears all these ills in *one!*

Drunken Charlie Brown.

He has spent his life at sea,
He has sailed the wide world o'er,
Now a castaway he drifts about the town.
For his fate no mortal grieves;
Not a living soul believes
That there's any good in drunken Charlie Brown.

Hark! the minute gun's loud boom
Brings a tale of wreck and doom:
To the beach a hundred daring men have flown;
And the first to leap from shore,
And the first to grasp an oar,
Is the foolish seaman, drunken Charlie Brown.

Led by each successive flash,
Through the darkness on they dash—
'Tis a gallant little boat of great renown;
And the hand which guides her right,
By the cannon's fitful light,
Is the worthless hand of drunken Charlie Brown.

Soon the listeners on the pier
Catch and echo back a cheer,
Which the rush of angry waters cannot drown;
'Tis the lifeboat full in view,
And she brings a double crew—
But she comes without poor drunken Charlie Brown.

At the early dawn of day
Thousands flock to search the bay
Where the shatter'd spars and wreck are widely strewn
And no eye withholds a tear
When, at length, four tars appear
With the dripping corpse of drunken Charlie Brown.

To his mother's grave hard by
He is carried shoulder high,
And the shipwreck'd sailors gently lay him down—
Their old captain at the head—
In his cold and narrow bed,—
So farewell to poor drunken Charlie Brown.

Now, the erring or unwise
Dost thou in thy soul despise?
Art thou ready with thy sentence and thy frown?

Go—its lesson thou dost need—
Seek the quiet churchyard, and read
There—the Epitaph of Drunken Charlie Brown.

THE EPITAPH.

A friendless orphan, early left
Unguarded in his wayward youth,
He lived in later years, bereft
Of virtue, temperance, and truth.

The Pharasaic world passed by—
"I thank thee, God," in every feature—
And showed its Christianity
By shunning such a "wretched creature."

What for him Christians would not do,
The "Sinner" nobly did for others:
He *died for us*, a foreign crew,
And earned this tribute from his brothers.

The "Millionaire:"

A DREAM.

WITH nodding head, by chance,
  I read not many days ago,
About the health and wond'rous wealth
  Of Mr. So-and-So:
And afterwards I fell asleep
  In my old arm chair,
And dreamed that *I* was So-and-so,
  And was a Millionaire.

My debts were paid, my schemes were laid,
  A castle and estate
I quickly owned, my table groaned
  With gold and silver plate;
And all the gentry round about
  Sat dining with me there,
Each one more anxious than his friend
  To know the Millionaire.

I wed a wife bred to high life—
  Of birth aristocratic;
And, strange enough, though I was rough
  And frequently dogmatic,
Her proud relations, one and all,
  Both masculine and fair,
Esteemed it happiness to live
  Beside the Millionaire.

It soon was known, that I alone
  In all the country wide,
A plan could trace, or state a case,
  Or a dispute decide;
My wisdom unto Solomon's
  The people did compare,
And some believed him quite eclipsed
  By the great Millionaire.

The clergy, too—give them their due,
  For richly they deserve it—
Declared the Church left in the lurch
  If I refused to serve it;
So their chief patron I became—
  With them my wealth did share,
And, in return, heard them extol
  The pious Millionaire.

For falling stocks, commercial shocks,
And sundry railway bubbles,
Cleaned me out clear in one short year,
Leaving me full of troubles;
And when I tried to raise a loan,
No one had cash to spare—
No one would lend a sixpence to
The wretched Millionaire.

At once to "town" her friends went down,
And great was my wife's sorrow,
That she could not, from her chang'd lot,
Fly to them on the morrow:
Sad morrow!—'twas our county show,
And every lout did stare,
As if I was no "judge of calves,"
At me, the Millionaire.

I spied, just then, two "holy" men,
And sympathy expected;
They were "engaged," but I, enraged,
Hypocrisy detected;

'Twas, even for sleep, a cut too deep,
  I groaning gasped for air,
And woke to find (thank God),
  That I was not a Millionaire.

MORAL.

Sure as the weight of what I ate
  Sorely disturbed my rest,
Although it seemed, when first I dreamed,
  That it had made me blessed;
The man who *stuffs* his purse with gold
  Will suffer from the "mare,"
And, waking, wish that he had not
  Become a Millionaire.

The man whose hold is light on gold,
  Will have, beyond all question,
As is most meet, the benefit
  Of sleep and good digestion;
He sometimes may be badly off,
  And tempted to despair,
But ne'er will know the mis'ry of
  The dreaming Millionaire.

Patriotism.

My native land, long has it been
  Thy proudest boast that thou art free,
That not a star in heaven has seen
  Beneath it such a land as thee.
The dark blue wave leaps round thy shores,
  And high, where snows eternal be,
The lordly eagle proudly soars—
  Most emblem of thy liberty!

Whence is it so? Why are these Isles
  So far exalted in the earth,
That there the meanest subject smiles,
  Proud as a Monarch of his birth?
As fair as thee are other lands,
  Their sons as true, as brave, as thine,
And yet the world in darkness stands
  Where thou, and thou alone, dost shine!

Not in thy fertile valleys spread
  The source of wealth uncounted lies,
Thy beauty is not o'er thee shed
  From ever-bright unclouded skies;
Thy mountains are not thy defence,
  The waves of ocean guard not thee—
God is thy glory, and from thence
  To thee belongeth victory!

Thy trust is not in armed men:
  Thy fleets, thy navies, what are they?
Who made, He with a breath, again,
  Like sea-foam scatters them away!
In thine own strength is not thy boast,
  Thou know'st how weak, how vain is man—
Ten swords may put to flight a host
  If God be with them in the van!

Thy flag still floats on every breeze,
  Unsullied yet by spot or stain;
Thou hast no foes—upon their knees
  The vanquished cry, nor cry in vain.
The clouds now floating in thy sky
  Are stored with mercy;—ere they flee,
(Thy fields are parched, thy gardens dry),
  Kneel, and the shower shall fall on thee!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

On slumbering Earth, whose soil is red
With brothers' blood by brothers shed;
These fields are waste, whose gardens torn,
These woods in naked blackness mourn,

Whose rocks re-echo the distress
Of innocence and helplessness;—
To what does this confusion tend?
When shall these ghastly horrors end?

Oh wondering Heaven! whose sun looks down
On silent hearth and smouldering town,
Whose clouds reflect the death-fire's glare,
Whose arch returns the trumpet's blare,
Whose stars shed tears when, left alone,
The dead lie stiff, the wounded groan;—
When shall the work of carnage cease?
When shall the world be girt with peace?

Ah me! there is no answer given—
No voice from Earth—no cry from Heaven;
The listening ear but hears again
The shouting of defiant men,
And bursting shell, and thundering gun—
Another battle just begun.
What can I say but "God is great"?
What can I do but pray and wait?

To an Ancient Monumental Pillar near Thornhill.

WHO raised thee here, thou spectral stone,
  Defaced and hoary?
Grim relic of the ages gone,
  What was thy story?

Didst thou record dark ruthless deed,
  Or act heroic?
What wouldst thou tell if man could read?
  Speak, speak, dull stoic.

Those hieroglyphics rude, time-worn,
  What is their meaning?
Thou grinnest at me, and, in scorn,
  The truth art screening.

In vain I look into thy face,
  With eyes that glisten;
In vain, though 'tis a lonely place,
  I bend to listen.

I hear the wind amongst the grass,
  The sighing river,
But thy thin lips are sealed, alas!
  Close sealed for ever.

Thou'st striven to save (but vain the strife)
  Life's story chequered;
The *vanity of human life*
  Is now thy record.

'Tis now thy mission to proclaim
  That fame is rotten,
And that on earth each deed and name
  Must be forgotten.

Hard lesson this; and yet, old stone,
  Thou art forgiven;
Thou teachest me not this alone,
  But point'st to heaven.

There monumental tablet ne'er
  Betrays its trust;
No deed or name once written there
  Shall e'er be dust.

On the Death of a Young Soldier.

LIFE! Life! how uncertain, and fitfully changing,
  The scenes which to sons of mankind thou dost show;
Affection now knitting, our hearts now estranging,
  To all that is transient and passing below.

The fair hopes of youth in an hour have been blighted,
  (Struck down in his prime on a far distant shore);
And those who had hoped to be fondly united,
  Now *doubly*-divided shall meet here no more.

The cold hand of Death from the pale cheek of Beauty
  Has gathered the roses of Spring in their bloom:
Uncheered by one smile, at the far post of duty,
  The Soldier she loved has been laid in the tomb.

The Brave in his hall sits in silence and sorrow,
  The heart of the strong man is melted with grief;
From earth's every language in vain might I borrow,
  To suffering like *his* words can bring no relief.

Earth has no sweet balm for thy heart, mourning mother:
  The suns of the Summers, as brightly they shine,
Shall try up the tears childhood sheds for a brother,
  But only reveal the deep fountains of thine.

Thy God who afflicts thee in all perfect goodness,
  He only can soften the pains thou dost feel;
Unskilful, my hand even now may with rudeness
  Have touched the deep wounds which it vainly would heal.

Yet there is One Voice!—were it heard mid'st thy weeping,
  Thy heart shall rejoice, and the rod thou shalt kiss—
The "friend" of the Saviour "is not dead but sleeping,"
  Poor mourner in Zion, "believest thou this?"

The Withered Flower.

PAUSE, passer by, a moment pause
  To gaze upon this withered flower;
But yesterday how fair it was
  When blooming in its native bower;
How lovely when, with tears and smiles,
  It welcomed in the rosy morn—
By zephyrs woo'd with wanton wiles,
  How graceful in its mirth and scorn!

But yesterday! Ah yes! yet now—
  Its beauty and its freshness gone—
'Tis drooping like a severed bough,
  And far its fragile leaves are strewn.
The bee that roams by hill and dale
  No longer gathers honey here;
It lends no fragrance to the gale
  Which sighs above its lowly bier.

So fares it with the hope, the joy,
  The heritage of man below—
All nurse a worm which will destroy,
  And lay their fairest blossoms low:
So fares it with the bard and thee,
  Kind listener of his plaintive lay;
Our fate foreshadowed here we see,
  And wait for Heaven's appointed day.

A few short years, and every hold
  Where we repose our hope and trust—
Yea, we ourselves, with kindred mould
  Shall mix and crumble into dust;
And some fond one who could not save,
  Perchance may come, with tearful eye,
And plant a flower upon our grave
  Like this, to spring, and bloom, and die.

On the Death of the Rev. Wm. Buchanan.

WILLIE BUCHANAN is dead,
  Is dead now, and gone for ever;
It seems, whilst these tears I shed,
  As if, where white hazels quiver,
I stand by the sun-dried bed
  Of the rushing Winter river!

In fancy I trace the wave
  To its distant welling source—
In fancy I hear it rave,
  And pour with resistless force;—
Again I look from his grave
On the shingly water-course:

I think of the earnest boy,
  I think of the dauntless man,
Of his clear bright days of joy,
  Which too soon their fulness ran—
Of all the cark and annoy
  In his fitful chequered span.

Some streams are sluggish and still,
  You can scarce tell when they flow;
Their smoothness you see at will,
  Their depth you *never* can know,
Such level channels they fill,
  And they creep onward so slow!

Some streams, precipitate, rush
  O'er boulder, and rock, and stone—
Now they flow with slumbrous hush,
  And now with a weird-like moan;
Now from bank to bank they gush,
  And now they are all but gone!

The river of headlong path
  Runs ever most straight and strong—
More varied the life it hath,
  'Tis brighter if not so long;
And if it has more of wrath,
  It has more beauty and song!

Willie Buchanan is dead,
  Is dead now, and gone for ever;
It seems, whilst these tears I shed,
  As if, where white hazels quiver,
I stand by the sun-dried bed
  Of the rushing Winter river!

"A Slip Between the Cup and the Lip."

He stands upon the deck, with a locket in his hand;
'Tis fasten'd round his neck by a braided silken band—
That dim receding speck is his much-loved father-land.

Dragging its broken chain, which was stronger than a brother's,
His heart is scarr'd with pain, and the fault is all a mother's;
For cursed love of gain she has made her child another's.

To-morrow she'll be wed, but *his* bride she will not be,
His hopes have all been shed, like the blossoms from a tree—
He wishes he were dead now, and buried in the sea.

The band is cut in twain, he has dropp'd it in the wave;
He'll never look again on the token which she gave—
He thought it would have lain on his breast when in the grave.

'Tis gone, but still his heart, in a secret sacred place,
From which 'twill ne'er depart, keeps an image of her face;
It is no work of art, which his fingers can erase.

He'll bear *it* o'er the sea to that land to which he hies;
With him it still will be when the friendless exile dies—
And then, when both are free, they will meet beyond the
skies.

Sunset from the Beach at Ayr.

High on a throne, worthy of one so great,
The King of Day bends down to die in state—
The robe of crimson, loosely cast around,
Hangs from his shoulders till it sweeps the ground,
And rests its folds upon the molten sheet,
Which forms a footstool for his dying feet.

Still on his brow he wears the sparkling crown,
Nor lays he yet the golden sceptre down;
The surging waters, as they ebb and flow,
Sounding the notes of universal woe—
Earth, sea, and sky, in sombre shadows drest,
Gaze on in silence as he sinks to rest.
One look he casts o'er all his wide domains,
Then tyrant Darkness lifts the falling reins—
Rends from his kingly brow the jewelled band,
And plucks the sceptre from his nerveless hand.
Down on his breast reclines the drooping head;
His light has gone, his mighty spirit fled:
Ten thousand tapers from the vault of night
Shed o'er his bier their dim funereal light,
And beams of silver fringe the mournful skies
Which, like a pall, droop where at rest he lies.

Epitaph on a Talebearer and Scandalmonger.

Here lies meek Mrs. B——, who was blessed with a snout
Which could hunt up a fama for ten miles about,
And whose tongue, when a fama could not well be found,
Was for *making* a scandal as justly renowned.

To no witch, to no hag, to no mischievous sprite,
Could ill news be a matter of greater delight—
And whatever misfortune her neighbours withstood,
She was sure to believe it was sent for their good.

Her heart's core was like lead, and her face was like flint,
And her eye like a hawk's eye, inclining to squint;
And if ever you've heard a half-starving pig squeak,
You have some faint idea of how she could speak.

When a poisonous rumour got wind in the place,
To her ladyship's parlour its course you could trace,
As when any vile nuisance o'erflows from its well,
It is traced to its source by the scum and the smell.

There are some sorts of creatures whose lives must be fed
By the same kind of dirt amongst which they were bred,
And who languish and die, like a waterless leech,
When the food which they love is kept out of their reach.

So, when neighbour or friend had lost honour or wealth,
You might safely presume Mrs. B—— in *good health;*
And when any one prospered, by good luck or skill,
If you called, you were certain to find she was *ill.*

'Twas a sight to behold her when *something* went wrong;
Although sick for a week, in an hour she grew strong,
Her grim face was soon washed, she had on her 'best things,'
And was out at the door while yet tying the strings.

"Have you heard?" she would say, to the first she could meet,
"Oh my dear! I'm so sorry, they say its *complete!!*
I *do* hope they'll get over it—poor things, they *may,*
But its *not very likely,* at *their* time of day!"

Then away she would run, having ended her 'say,'
Like a hen that's preparing its first egg to lay,
Which makes *such* an ado to get ready the nest,
And must try ev'ry corner, not sure which is best.

If she knew any ones whom the ugly report
Might affect, or whose feelings the rumour would hurt,
To *their* home her first impulse inclined her to flee,
And, if suffered, 'twas *there* she was *sure* to take tea.

On returning, one night, from a mission like this,
In a high state of rapture, excitement, and bliss,
She found out, to her horror, from some one who *knew*,
That the tale, from beginning to end, was *untrue!*

The sad shock was too great, *for the scandal was rare*,
She professed to be *glad*, gave a groan and a stare—
Disappointed and wretched went off to her bed,
And was found there next morning heart-broken, and dead!

The Last Postman.

For ever and ever his noiseless feet
Are threading the alley, or pacing the street;
As he wends his way through the living tide,
He owns no companion, he needs no guide;

To each heart within the wide city wall—
To the lowly cot—to the lordly hall—
He finds his way, although none direct,
And often comes when we least expect.
Ever intent, till his work be done,
He turns not aside, and he speaks to none:
Steadily, quickly, he moveth along
The silent street, or the busy throng,
To the houses and homes on life's great highway,
Where he leaveth his missives from day to day.
His form is bent, and his visage lean,
A smile on his wan face is never seen;
Joy never comes in his rayless track,
For the letters he brings are all edged with black.
He shares not the sorrow, the hope, or fear,
Which he scatters so widely from year to year;
With the old—the young—the grave—the gay—
He leaveth his message and hasteth away.
In the Spring-time of life—in the Summer or fall—
He comes with a summons to one and to all;
Woe! woe! to the man unprepared for the stroke,
When he's summon'd away by the Postman's knock!

Lines

TO THE MEMORY OF THE GOOD PRINCE ALBERT.

When Princes, Kings, or Heroes die,
  Affliction's semblance never fails
To honour with its hollow sigh
  Those whom in truth no one bewails;
And homage which was duly paid
  When crowns were on the tyrant's head,
Is never wanting when he's laid
  Among the happier, humble dead.

But when the hot and bitter tear,
  Wrung out by anguish from the heart,
Is gently dropped upon a bier
  Without the mockery of art,
It is—more than the pomp and show,
  Unbounded wealth, or rank can bring,
To honour him who lies below—
  The fitting tribute for a King.

Such was the tear which lately fell
  From sorrowing, brave Old England's eye,
When called to ring the parting knell
  Of one as great as well can die.
Such are the tears now falling fast,
  Unseen, on many a distant coast,
Where Britain's sons have learned at last
  How much may be possessed and lost.

Gone are the lofty titles all,
  No monarch ever wore so well,
Who reigned within a kingly hall,
  Or sleeps within a kingly cell;
Gone the insignia of a trust
  He never for an hour betrayed—
Gone to the worms, the moth and rust,
  Is all of Albert that can fade.

And let them go! the titled slave
  To whom no honour they could bring,
May need such baubles by his grave
  To tell the world he was a King;
But while true mourners homage pay,
  Where sleep the great, the wise, the brave,
'Twill be enough to point and say,
  "This is the good Prince Albert's grave."

This off'ring I would humbly bring
  In honour of the Illustrious Dead;
Oh! that I could so sweetly sing
  The living would be comforted!
But comfort for such Queenly grief
  Can only come from God on high;
And doubtless He will send relief
  Who knew 'twas best the Prince should die.

On Reading in a Newspaper

OF A PAUPER'S DEATH FROM STARVATION.

HERE lie, 'neath a hillock of turf and mould,
O'er which no one weeps—which but few behold—
The bones of a pauper, eighty years old.

'Twere a thankless task to record his name,
What was once his rank, or from whence he came,
For long ere his death—he was dead to fame.

When the stranger found him his strength had fled,
And the snows of age lay white on his head,
And he could not work for his daily bread.

He doubtless had children, but they were gone;
He *may* have had friends, but now he had none,
And sat by his desolate hearth alone.

They saw that his wants would be few and brief,
Yet they gave to him, instead of relief,
A shilling a week to prolong his grief.

He tried hard to live, but in vain he tried,
For the fountains of life were slowly dried,
And at last, of cold and hunger!—he died.

Doomed to that pittance, the parish saith
Is enough to spend on a beggar's breath;
How must he have welcomed the hour of death!

"God help the Poor," and God help the Rich,
Who leave their brothers to die in the ditch—
The most to pity, I cannot tell *which*.

Lines

ON THE UNEXPECTED DEATH OF BURNS'S SISTER WHILE PUBLIC WERE PREPARING TO CELEBRATE THE BA CENTENARY.

TELL me not of sorrow treading
Closely on the heels of joy,
I have lived to see her spreading
Gloom before the thoughtless boy:
  Pain and sadness come with gladness,
  And gold has its alloy.

When the rainbow's colours vie
With the heaven it spans so proud;
Its beauteous presence in the sky
Tells us of a present cloud:
  So mingle here the green and sere,
  The banner and the shroud.

Lo! before the cup is quaffed
All had fondly hoped to sip,
Tears are mingling with the draught
Scotland raises to her lip:
  So feels the crew, with home in view,
  And death on board the ship.

Scotland, since this dear bequest
Hath been taken hence from thee,
Sure it teaches that at best
Earthly hope is vanity:
  The tender shoot may promise fruit,
  But withers on the tree.

When you meet to praise the Poet,
God upon your spirits bear,
And though mortals may not know it,
She you mourn will yet be there:
  Heav'n at the fête saw not a seat
  Worthy of one so fair.

Daughters, weep not that your mother
May not share the coming mirth;
She hath lov'd her Elder Brother
More than brother of the earth:
  Since, happy, they knelt down to pray
  Beside their Father's hearth.

Now she has but gone to Him;
Why then should your hearts be cleft?
Why those eyes with weeping dim?
Of the legacies she left—
  Her holy walk, her blessed talk—
  Ye cannot be bereft!

He the ravens cry unto—
God who decks in flowery pride
Lilies of the vale: for you
What is needful will provide:
Whilst Scotchmen live with aught to give,
Their last they will divide.

Oh! I pray that you may listen
To that voice so low and sweet,
That your watchful eyes may glisten
O'er the prints of Mother's feet:
And soon or late the Cottar yet
Shall all his Children meet.

Enough.

"Where art thou, Enough?" I hear Avarice say;
Hark! an answering voice—it is Echo that speaks—
"In the *drop* that is falling by night and by day,
Vainly seeking to fill the old vessel that *leaks*."

Epitaph on a Lady Fond of Dress.

Of her finery stripped most completely,
  A poor lady here lies in distress,
Who, although she could never dress neatly,
  Had at all times a passion for dress.

She had little or nought *in* her head,
  But she always had something grand *on* it;
She had very poor brains, but instead
  Could display a magnificent bonnet.

She resembled those 'dummies' or blocks,
  Which we sometimes see used by the draper,
To show off his fine hats or his cloaks;
  With wire heads, and with waists of neat taper.

To set off the true beauties of nature,
  She dreamed not that a dress was designed;
She cared neither for form nor for feature,
  If bedizened before and behind.

To the church she on Sundays paraded,
But the bypassers well could discern
That her soul was fingers and degraded,
For crinolines were all her concern.

For a friend on the day of her marriage
She had hardly a good word to spare;
It was, "how will I look in the carriage?"
Or "what nice sort of thing should I wear?"

When her circle was lessened by death,
She grieved little, and felt not the warning,
But cried out with her very first breath,
"Oh! what will I be like in my 'mourning'?"

Here, a victim, at last, to tight-lacing;
She is laid, quite unable to stir;
And her friends, *with like feelings*, are pacing
The streets *now*, in *their* 'mourning' for *her!*

The Prodigal.

ONCE more across these fields I stray,
  Within this bosky dell recline;
With blooming flow'rs, and fragrant hay
  Returning, long lost joys are mine.

Ye vocal woods! thou murmuring stream!
  My griefs are all unknown to you;
Alas! that, for an empty dream,
  I ever left the bliss we knew.

Sweet Nature! wayward I have been;
  Thy pleadings it was mine to spurn;
And is it *thus* that thou hast seen
  The weary Prodigal return?

No frown upon thy face I see—
  I hear no angry voice upbraid:
The richest gifts are show'red on me—
  For me the sweetest music made.

Oh! were it e'er so hard and cold,
  Such goodness well might touch the heart;
The meanest place content to hold,
  From thee I'll never more depart.

Repentant now, perhaps too late,
  Receive me, mourning, to thy breast;
Ev'n death will be a welcome fate
  If I by thee am lulled to rest.

If to my cheek the faded bloom
  This balmy breeze may not recall,
Here let me find a quiet tomb,
  And, gently, with the first leaves, fall.

Adieu! ye sordid sensual joys,
  Ye scenes of riot, all adieu!
Your mem'ry, like a blight, destroys
  The peace which buds and springs anew.

Here let me list the tuneful strain,
  And watch the op'ning blossoms blow;
Until my heart forgets its pain,
  Or learns to bear its bitter woe.

Like wounded bird, which seeks the brake,
  With others all unfit to fly;
Repose and rest here let me take,
  Till I recover strength, or die!

The Poet's Song.

SWEETEST! coyest maid of science,
  Woo'd so long and yet un-won;
Break my heart, in fate's defiance,
  I love thee, and thee alone.

Love has dark spots like the sun;
  Love has changes like the sea;
But like them, when once begun,
  It lasts for an eternity.

Fools may say thou art not fair—
  Liars, that thou art a shade—
I will not believe that e'er
  Love or faith thou hast betrayed.

[illegible] love thy lover in sadness—
  [illegible] perish in thy kiss:
For the madman in his madness,
  [illegible] the blame in thee.

Oh, that I had [illegible] wealth,
  [illegible] with a match for thine:
Then I know I would [illegible]
  [illegible] bliss, and all thee mine.

Though from me thou still should'st turn,
  Mine although thou ne'er should'st be,
I'll love more, the more I mourn—
  I will blame myself, not *thee*.

Let my love be unrequited,
  I will dote upon thy charms,
Let us still be disunited,
  I will die within thine arms.

Lines Suggested by an Early Death.

HAIL! rainbow bright! whose span extends
  O'er Heaven, an arch of faultless form;
Whence godlike mercy smiling bends,
Whilst faith with trembling step ascends
  Far up beyond the cloud and storm.
God's truth for aye stands firm and fast—
Thou, lovely token, wilt not last!
  Soon thou wilt vanish clean away—
A few short fleeting moments past,
Thy beauty fair as it is vast
  Shall wither with the fading ray.

Meet emblem of earth's passing show,
  Thy silent eloquence I hear;
By thee shall I be taught to know
That all I love and prize below
  Is frail and fleeting as 'tis dear:
This world with all its loves and joys,

Our manhood's aims, our childhood's toys,
  How fair and bright soe'er they be,
Though perfect in their form as you,
As lovely in their varying hue,
  All quickly pass away like thee!

We here from all we love must part:
  Death summons one and all away;
Love cannot turn aside *one* dart;
Earth's fairest flower bears in its heart,
  Unseen, the seeds of its decay:
  The good, the beautiful, the brave,
  Have all one end, the silent grave—
To save but one we vainly sue—
  Here nothing good or great can live;
  For all this changing world can give,
It gives a place of burial too.

Lo! whilst I gaze, a darkening shroud
  Has swallowed up the radiant bow;
And where it stood so high and proud,
Far arched above the rolling cloud,
  I see but mist and darkness now.

Yet though I mourn *now*, beauteous shade,
To think that thou so soon couldst fade—
  Fair herald of a brighter day—
To-morrow when the sun shall rise,
To run his race o'er cloudless skies,
  I'll grieve not that thou'rt passed away!

Epitaph for a Man of Family.

MAJOR K—— in this kirkyard is forced to abide,
Very close to his neighbours, in spite of his pride;
Now the beggar is ashes, and dust the rough clown,
And *he*, too, to the level, at last has gone down.

'Tis in vain that his monument points to the skies,
And so boldly confronts us, with exquisite lies;
For the wealth which he trusted, and used like a knave,
Is here powerless—it *cannot* buy rank in the grave.

Here possessions and titles, and honours and birth,
Must for ever give place to faith, charity, worth;
And the meanest that sleeps here, forgot though he be,
Is in faith, worth, and charity richer than he.

The poor wretch he believed that a paltry estate,
With its mistals and sub-sheds, could make a man great;
And that those who had little which *theirs* they could call,
Might with justice be held, and be treated, as *small*.

Superstitious and haughty, ill-mannered and vain,
He looked down on his betters with scorn and disdain;
While to fools like himself all obeisance he made,
Though their hearts were as black as a trick-taking spade.

To excuse such vile practice, though fresh from the mud,
He convinced himself somehow *he* had what's called 'blood,'
And forgot that his grandfather, not so long dead,
Was a journeyman tinsmith and worker in lead.

His poor grandfather sleeps in the corner hard by;
He was thrifty and humble, in peace let him lie;
And thank God that he died, and was brought to this place,
Ere his proud grandchild wrought him such lasting disgrace.

The Laird o' Kilkerran.

FRAE the land o' the brave cam' the Laird o' Kilkerran,
  Young, noble, well-favoured, and wealthy was he;
And what was mair dear to the lassie, I'se warran',
  Truth reigned in his bosom, and love in his e'e.

He's stolen the heart o' Dalhousie's fair daughter,
  He's wiled her awa' frae her ain faither's ha',
To live on the banks o' the sweet Girvan water,
  Wi' him for whose sake she has parted wi' a'.

Lang, lang may Sir James be the worthy successor
  (To more than his title and acres an heir)
Of him who was last their beloved possessor,
  The pride o' the great folk, the frien' o' the puir.

The heart that can feel for the woes o' anither,
  Is ever the heart gentle woman may trust;
And ne'er shall the hand that aye shelters a brither
  Be raised o'er the wreck o' the love it has crushed.

No, fair Lady Edith, auld Ayr's "bonnie lasses,"
Whom thou hast bereft o' the love o' her son,
Would barter the fortune o' ten titled asses,
To gain such a heart as thy graces have won.

The blessing o' Him who has joined you thegither,
Be with you united—your hope and your stay;
The flowers o' Kilkerran may bloom and may wither,
But true love shall flourish and blossom for aye.

Volunteer's Song.

HARK! hark! the alarum is sounding,
It echoes from mountain to plain;
Where high the bright blue wave is bounding,
A wall of true hearts is surrounding
The altar of freedom again:
And whilst there's a drop in the ocean,
Which wars with its proud cliffs in vain,
The land of our love and devotion
No tyrant shall ever enchain.

With feet on the fetters long broken,
  Encircling our forefathers' graves,
True Britons! these words we have spoken:—
"We solemnly swear by this token
  Our children shall never be slaves."
The power of the despot we dread not
  In these little isles of the sea,
Though countless his legions, they tread not
  The land of the fair and the free.

No, no; whilst there's heath on its mountains,
  Or thistles to wave on its hills;
Whilst bright stars bathe deep in its fountains,
  And wild music flows in its rills,
A serf shall not breathe in these islands,
  The heaven-made home of the free;
As soon shall the clouds in the Highlands
  Be captured and fettered as we!

Charles Dickens.

He sleeps—worn out—his labour's lot;
And who had better claim to rest?
Who ever filled on his breast
More willing arms—disturb him not:
Of workmen, he was England's best.

He sleeps! alas! this deep repose
Overtook him ere his *task* was done—
As eagerly as 't was begun
He plied it to the last—who knows
When England may have *such* a son!

He sleeps! the tried and loving heart
Was his, which taxes brain and mind,
Intent to cheer and bless mankind,
Which, wedded to its heaven-taught art,
To pain and weariness grows blind.

He sleeps! heaven softly rest his head;
  Beside him, watchful love shall wait;
  We ever thought him noble, great;
And nobler, greater, now he's dead;
  Throw wide for him our "Abbey" gate.

He sleeps! seen through affection's tear,
  What name could marble *better* grace?
  Amongst the worthiest of his race—
To Englishmen for ever dear—
  Let Dickens have his resting place.

The Vale of Stinchar.

I HAVE seen thee, Stinchar Valley,
  When thy breast was sunward spread,
And thy waters musically
  Murmured o'er their golden bed.
'Midst thy trees all blossom-laden,
  And thy flow'rs all blooming fair,
I have roamed, a happy maiden,
  Free alike from grief and care.

Cheerless now is Stinchar Valley;
  White the snow drifts down the steep;
And the river frantically
  Rushes onward to the deep.
Silent are the songsters' voices;
  Leafless now the trees, and bare;
Loud the tempest now rejoices,
  And I wander in despair.

But could I be with my Jamie,
  (Tossed upon the raging main);
Would kind fortune only to me
  Bring my laddie back again,
Winter then its force might rally;
  Hushed thy song and stripped thy tree,
Thou would'st be, sweet Stinchar Valley,
  Paradise, once more, to me.

Epitaph on a Hypocrite.

Art thou a hypocritic knave,
  Who *seem'st to be* what thou art not?
Behold thy brother's awful grave,
  And fly not from this cursed spot.

Is thine a face which never shows
  The thought that riots at thy heart?
A ready tongue, which always knows
  To lie, when lying is its part?

Hast thou a conscience that can stretch
  Like 'rubber,' or contract at need?
In 'lib'ral' guise, art thou a wretch
  Insatiable in thy greed?

[illegible] IN A [illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
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[illegible]
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[illegible]
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[illegible]

When thou hast owned to all that's evil,
Above this hillock shed a tear;
Fear not, for though thou art a *devil*,
The image of thyself lies here.

The Swallow.

ALONE in the garden I sat in the Autumn,
  And watched the sere leaves dropping down from the tree,
And listened to hear the stream sigh as it caught them,
  And bore them away on its breast to the sea.

A stranger had come in the Spring to my dwelling,
  And gladly I welcomed my far-travelled guest;
Delighted I heard when my children were telling
  That there he was mated and building his nest.

Here oft when at eve he was playfully flitting,
  I shared in his joy; but in sadness to-night,
Perched high on the roof of my home, he was sitting,
  And silently pluming his wing for the flight.

Sweet child of the Summer, Oh! why wilt thou leave me—
  I whispered in sorrow and fulness of heart—
Long, long hast thou gladdened, now why wilt thou grieve me,
  Sweet child of the Summer, Oh! do not depart.

Nay think not, he answered, think not I would wander
  If longer sojourning with thee I might stay,
Thou'rt dear to my heart as the friends waiting yonder,
  The lov'd ones at home who now call me away.

Fair, fair is the vale where with thee I have rested,
  Yet far from its beauties this lone heart will roam,
Away to the land whose green mountains are crested
  With sunshine eternal, for there is my home.

My home is away where the bright sun is setting,
  Beyond that dark sea which it gilds with its beams,
And there would I be, although never forgetting
  The friends I have left by these valleys and streams.

He bade me farewell, and with pinions extended,
  Far, far, through its tears, my eye followed his flight,
Till evening's dark shadows more deeply descended,
  And, dimly receding, he sank from my sight.

Good Christian, the flight of the Swallow may teach thee
  To lift thine eye far beyond death and the grave,
Where suff'ring and sorrow no longer shall reach thee,
  And thou shall meet those who have crossed the dark wave.

Betrayed.

Her parents were a humble pair,
  Their home was on the moorland wild,
And far from wealth or grandeur there,
  Their only treasure was their child.

With joy, such as no miser knows
  When counting all his riches o'er,
They saw their daughter, like a rose,
  Grow up beside their cottage door.

The spoiler came—the maiden borne
  Far from her father's lowly cot,
Soon shared the pity, envy, scorn,
  Of all who knew her hapless lot:

Like the cut flower which lends a room
  It's fragrance, and diverts the eye,
But gives 'midst its untimely bloom
  Sure tokens that it soon must die.

And now she lies on life's rough road,
(The jest of every passer by),
Beneath a still increasing load
Of sin, and want, and misery:

Like a fair lily from it's bed
Plucked, and left lying in the street,
With faded leaves and drooping head,
And trampled on by thoughtless feet.

* * * * * * * *

God sees the proud and wealthy squire,
Whose gilded carriage, whirling past,
Has crushed his victim in the mire,
And ended all her woes at last.

God sees the widow'd, childless man,
Whose tears are on that grave like dew;
He knows how all this grief began,
And he shall judge betwixt the two.

Lines on the Death of Lord Eglinton.

THIS is the season of the year
  When Nature's colours fade,
And countless beauties disappear
  From mountain, hill, and glade;
When songs are hushed and zephyrs sigh,
When leaves must fall, and flowers must die.

But deeper gloom has tinged the cloud
  In Ayrshire's Autumn sky,
Since death has folded 'neath his shroud,
  Where the bright Summers lie,
One to her grateful heart more dear
Than all the glories of a year.

The streams with deeper murmurs flow,
  More bleak appears the plain,
The redbreast from the leafless bough
  Pours forth a sadder strain;
And dark and silent as the tomb,
The woods have *doubly* lost their bloom.

Montgomerie's hopes are crushed to-day,
  And, by the same untimely dart,
The hand of death has found its way
  To many a happy home and heart;
Their pallid cheeks and tearful eyes
Can tell how deep their anguish lies.

In vain the voice of rural mirth
  Invites the peasant and his lord
To gather round the blazing hearth,
  Or mingle at the festive board;
They will not learn till months have fled,
To speak of him as of the dead.

He is not dead—passed from our view;
  In noble deeds he liveth yet;
Nor shall we miss the golden hue
  Which lingers where his sun has set,
Until another day as bright
Has ended in as fair a night.

Epitaph for a Mother.

A GENTLE maid, a faithful wife,
  A mother much beloved and mourned,
Here resteth one who human life
  In all its stages has adorned.

The same in sunshine, and in shade,
  From childhood till her latest hour,
Redeeming every promise made,
  In bud, in blossom, and in flower.

She grew till all we love and prize
  In her had reached perfection's bloom,
Then gave her fragrance to the skies,
  Her withering ashes to the tomb.

To be like *her* is our desire,
  To live with *her* at last, our pray'r;
We cannot lift our wishes higher—
  For other heav'n we have no care.

Loch Fishing.

Afar from the gay world it is my delight
By the lone muirland sheep walk to roam,
To wander at will o'er the moss-covered height,
And the yellow trout lure from his home.

Give me a good wand, a light cast of good flies,
Then farewell to ambition and state;
I'm bless'd and contented, in hope of a "rise,"
And can laugh at the frowns of the great.

On lichen-decked stones shall the banquet be spread
I will drink of the pure mountain stream,
With heather beneath, the blue sky overhead,
And around the wild fowls' distant scream.

I'll fill up my cup, and my heart shall o'erflow,
As I drain it to friendship and truth,
To memories dear, of the times long ago,
And the angling companions of youth.

When sunset, at evening, mirrors the lake,
  And the dark mountain-shadows descend,
Secure of a welcome, fresh tracks I will make
  Through the vale to the home of my friend.

By wild ways, unknown to the footsteps of men,
  I will light on the old Shepherd's cot,
Where all that is good shall be waked up again,
  And again what is evil forgot.

Dear treasure of memory, up to the sky,
  Its blue smoke curling slowly I see;
I hear "collie" bark, as my footsteps draw nigh,
  Earth has no spot that's dearer to me.

If plain be the meal unpretendingly spread,
  My keen relish will sweeten the fare,
If lowly the pillow that welcomes my head,
  I will sleep without trouble or care.

These joys I'll live o'er in my innocent dream,
  Wand'ring lightly by torrent and lake,
Till, roused by the lark, or the murmuring stream,
  To another day's bliss I awake.

O'er miserly features—by coffers of gold—
  The mere semblance of pleasure may steal;
But who knows the heart-stirring rapture untold,
  Of the angler whose wealth's in his creel.

The Old Shepherd's Sheiling.

The storm has blown past, the rain's gone at last;
O'er the blue skies clouds slowly are stealing:
Now hopeful and blest, we've come to seek rest
Once more, in the old Shepherd's Sheiling.

No sound of wild riot breaks in on our quiet,
Unbroken the flow of good feeling,
When true anglers meet, where kindness and peat,
Are brightening the old Shepherd's Sheiling.

Though humble the board, with no dainties stored,
But heart-welcome proudly revealing,
True sons of the "line," like princes we'll dine,
And drink to the old Shepherd's Sheiling.

We'll tell, by the fire, old tales that ne'er tire,
Of "rising," and "hooking," and "reeling"—
And pleasure, though shy, will rise to the fly
That's cast in the old Shepherd's Sheiling.

Give fools who are great, court-bustle and state,
  Where high-sounding titles are pealing;
By mountain and lake, contented we'll make,
  Our home in the old Shepherd's Sheiling.

Hurrah! for the old Shepherd's Sheiling,
  Hurrah! for the old Shepherd's Sheiling,
May sorrow and tears, and all the heart fears,
  Be far from the old Shepherd's Sheiling.

Whilst far on the hill the lamb bleateth still,
  And lochwards the wild fowl are wheeling,
To bed we will creep, and soundly we'll sleep
  Unvext in the old Shepherd's Sheiling.

God bless the good folks, and prosper their flocks,
  Such griefs as they know ever healing—
The storm which may rise, still spare as it flies,
  The roof of the old Shepherd's Sheiling.

Epitaph on a Pair.

This is an old couple, who lived fifty years,
United in one, like a pair of steel 'shears;'
Now coming together—divided again—
In either position unfit to remain.

They loved and they quarrelled, as might be their mood,
But neither could last long, the friendship or feud;
The change came so oft, that a neighbour once said,
They both seemed to think 'twas for this they were mad

Yet woe to *third parties*, who came on the scene,
And ventured, from love, or from friendship, between;
Their wish might be good, and at times succeed, but,
For their pains, in the end, they were sure to get *cut*.

Left quite by themselves, as the years came about,
They kissed, and they scolded, fell in, and fell out,
Till Death interfered with them, pitied their case,
And laid them down here in a *lasting* embrace.

Lines on the Death of Bailie Bone.

If anything can touch the heart,
'Tis seeing our old friends depart:
'Tis gazing on the vacant space
Once filled by a familiar face;
'Tis list'ning, with unanswered ear,
For voices we were wont to hear;
'Tis giving to eternal rest
Those longest known—beloved best.

The tree which filled the forest long,—
Whose roots were deep, whose branches strong,—
Must leave a blank upon the glade
O'er which it threw its shelt'ring shade;
So, when our life-long friends are lost,
We mourn them longest, miss them most,
And feel that none, of human kind,
Can fill the blank they leave behind.

The Bailie dead, his praise be this—
A thousand friends their friend will miss;
And of the thousand, ev'ry friend
Will prize his mem'ry to the end.
A genial, social, kindly man,
His failings none will care to scan,
Except the wretch who must make known
That he has never seen his own.

Through life, of blunt and honest ways—
Scorning the lie, and canting phrase—
Let not *his* name, henceforward, be
Insulted by false eulogy;
Erect a plain, but lasting stone:
Inscribe upon it, WILLIAM BONE,
And write these simple words below,
"We knew to love—we loved to know."

Epitaph on an Old Maid.

LET all good maiden ladies attentively wait,
And peruse the sad tale which this stone shall relate;
For the person whose bones in this grave have been laid,
When alive, was the *type* of an anxious "Old Maid."

In no pursuit or pastime e'er known to engage,
Except warding off frailties, and hiding her age;
To the gay world for three score and ten years she clung,
Quite resolved, *to the last*, to be sprightly and young.

It did not matter what were the changes that came,
Though the whole earth grew older, *she* still was the same;
Her friends pushed through this life, and got rid of its whirl,
But they left *her* behind them, as yet but a "girl."

A man went out to India—came back—and behold!
She was lively and frolicsome, just as of old;
Children grew to be men, and had sons of their own,
But in *her* all appearance of change was unknown.

Disappointed and jilted a hundred times o'er,
Her desire for a "husband" increased more and more;
And when Nature forsook her, she did not lose heart,
But fell back on the nameless resources of art.

In succession all tricks and expedients she tried;
She enamelled and painted, she powdered and dyed,
She had lips like red coral, and teeth like loaf-bread,
When there was not a single tooth left in her head.

Though her crown was as bald as the palm of her hand,
She had raven "front hair," and "chignon" to command;
And when gout came at last, and distorted her joints,
She got bolstered, and padded, and braced at all points.

She was gigling and simp'ring, when past sixty-three,
And, though nearly stone-blind, still pretended to see;
At no time ever known putting glass to her eye,
Or her spectacles using, except on the sly.

On the borders of seventy, up turned a beau;
Things were all soon arranged, she had bought her trosseau,
Nay! the banns were proclaimed, and old Time's heavy feet
Had but one day to run till her bliss was complete.

But, alas! calling *early* that morning in's zeal,
Her adorer encountered her "en deshabile"—
Chose the least of two evils, the marriage deferred,
And declared "Breach of Promise" he *rather* preferred.

Mortified and enraged, she pronounced him a "brute,"
And was fast taking steps to go on with the "suit,"
When a sudden attack of *decay* taking place,
There at once was an end both to her, and her "case."

In Memoriam

OF ROBERT GOW, GOVERNOR OF AYR INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
WHO DIED DECEMBER 14, 1868, AGED 33 YEARS.

His trials meekly borne,
  His work most bravely done,
His honours humbly worn—
  At last, the vict'ry's won!

O'er him no banner wave
  Nor martial trumpet blow;
But fast, beside his grave,
  Let tears of childhood flow.

Above his lowly bed
  No monument upraise;
The outcast, comforted,
  More nobly speaks his praise.

Leave not with faithless art
  The deeds which crowned his name;
The widow's grateful heart
  Fitly records his fame.

Vain sorrow, cease thy strife;
  Regret, discard thy fears;
The length of such a life
  Is measured not by years.

Beneath the kindly sod
  Lay him, in quiet rest;
His soul commit to God,
  And call his mem'ry "bless'd."

His trials meekly borne,
  His work most bravely done,
His honours humbly worn—
  At last the vict'ry's won!

Charity.

"TAKE THIS CHILD AND NURSE IT FOR ME, AND I WILL GIVE THEE THY WAGES."

A'E cauld Winter nicht,
By this hearth—then sae bricht—
Where, alas! I am now left alane,
I was sittin' wi' ane,
That's an angel since syne,
Sympathisin' wi' sorrow and pain.

She was pityin' them
That might no' ha'e a hame
As cozy, on sic a like nicht;
When—just as she spoke—
We heard somebody knock,
An' I rose to the door, wi' a licht.

A bit laddie stood there,
Wi' blue e'en, and fair hair,
Like a lamb that had strayed frae the fauld,
Sae 'frighten'd, sae lost-like,
Sae wearied, sae ghost-like—
Ere he spoke his sad story was tauld.

But, Oh! how I felt
When that wee laddie knelt,
Lifted up the bit cap off his head,
And looking at me,
Wi' the tear in his e'e,
Said, "My faither and mither are dead."

"The nicht's black and lang,
I hae nae place to gang,
Ye micht gi'e me a wee bit o' bread,
For I'm hungry and cauld,
And, though no' vera auld,
My faither and mither are dead."

As that nicht slowly pass'd
And the wild reckless blast
Dashed the rain and the sleet on the pane,
The orphan lay sleepin',
An' we heard him speakin',
In dreams, to his mither again.

Five children had I—
Five stars in life's sky—
Death's dark cloud has fall'n, and they're gane;
Ane after anither,
They sleep wi' their mither,
Beneath the cauld sod and the stane.

My *ain* a' ha'e left me;
My God has bereft me
Of wife, and of bairnies, sae dear,
But He *pays me my wage*,
For—the staff of my age—
The *orphan* is still sittin' here.

An' I ken that, at last,
When my sorrows are past,
By the grave he will stan' at my head,
And *again* he will say,
As he bends o'er our clay,
"My faither and mither are dead."

Epitaph on a Lady's Companion.

A RICH mistress, her loss to make known,
And the worth she admired to commend,
Has erected this handsome headstone
To her fav'rite companion and friend.

Much resembling each other in nature,
For fast friendship the two were designed—
They were very unlike in their stature,
But were both of the same class of mind.

Each to other like confidence granted,
  Their love towards each other did flow,
And no comfort the one ever wanted,
  Which the other one could not bestow.

The one was *in position* superior,
  But her power of command never used,
And the other, *in nought else inferior*,
  Due submission at no time refused.

Her fond mistress, so long as she owned her,
  Was much, in her society, blessed;
But, alas! since the day she bemoaned her,
  She has known neither comfort nor rest.

There is little to live for remaining,
  Since Death over her threshold has crossed,
And she grieves without hope of obtaining
  A new friend, like the one she has lost.

She was out of a pure English terrier,
  Most delightfully marked black and tan;
Her old grandfather's name being "Harrier,"
  Her own name was, "My dear darling Fan."

Lines on the Unexpected Death of a Friend.

And is our intercourse then o'er?
    Is *this* the end?
Shall I hear never, as before,
The well-known footstep at my door?
Shall I behold thee nevermore,
    My friend?

'Tis but an hour, since first we met—
    And art thou *gone?*
I seem to hear, in whispers, yet,
The voice I never can forget—
And must I here, for ever, sit
    Alone?

Alone!—alone!—it *cannot* be—
    We cannot sever;
For thou hast grown a part of me,
And I'll hold intercourse with thee,
In Time, and in Eternity—
    For ever.

Epitaph for a Stone Raised by Filial Piety.

Two pious sons, both well-to-do,
And running each a goodly race,
Have raised this pillar, fresh and new,
To mark their father's resting-place.

They grudged him bread, they kept him bare,
Yet are they let him die alone,
And now, to show their filial care,
For him they have provided "a stone."

This marble cannot cheer the dead,
But since it proves his children's sense,
And bolsters up their pride instead,
They gladly pay the vast expense.

These "texts of Scripture," traced below,
Have added somewhat to the *cost;*
But if the world is led to know
How *good* they are, 'twill not be lost.

The Miser's Dream.

THE rich man dreamed, and behold!
  In the darkest hour of night,
A hand was laid on his gold—
  His gold so heavy and bright.

He started! but slept again,
  Only to dream as before,
And to see, distinct and plain,
  The robbery acted o'er.

For hours, amidst silence deep,
  He kept watch with eye and ear;
Then, a third time, saw in's sleep
  That covetous hand appear.

With a strangely troubled breast
  He rose from his couch at morn—
But seeing his iron chest,
  He laughed at his fears, in scorn.

He laughed! but the ghastly smile
  From his cheek had quickly fled,
Had he known that robber's wile,
  And how his dream would be read.

Death laughs at the iron's strength—
  At midnight he came again;
And the miser knew "at length"
  That his chest was locked in vain.

Lines Suggested by a Sermon.

Let Robert Burns' unhappy name
  Be chisell'd from the stone,
And, henceforth, let it give to fame—
  The preacher!—Ferguson.

When wits and critics yearly meet,
  Let them for sin atone,
By sitting humbly at the feet
  Of—Fergus Ferguson.

The poet failed!—the priest's success
  O'er all the land is known;
Let us confess our foolishness,
  And worship Ferguson!

The poet sinned!—the priest is pure—
  Woe! to the bard that's gone;
And can we doubt that heav'n is sure
  To—Fergus Ferguson?

The foolish rhymer died in debt!
  To wealth the priest has grown;
Can future ages e'er forget
  The *sense* of—Ferguson?

Three cheers for Fergus!—what she loved,
  Henceforth auld Scotland spurns;
Behold into oblivion shov'd
  The—"Memory of Burns!"

POEMS.

FROM THE PRISON.

Oh! bless the bird, it hops about,
And seeks its humble fare:
It rattles its nest, flies in and out,
And seems to know no care:
Thou fool—since I must prisoned be,
And in this cell must pine—
Why sends a heart so light and free,
To cheer and comfort mine.

FROM THE ALMS-HOUSE.

Oh! bless the song, its cheerful note
Rings out so bold and clear,
As if this were some happy spot,
No pain or sorrow near.
God—though the warbler knows not—sends
This message *here*, and why!
To tell that though our comfort ends,
Our hopes should never die.

FROM THE KIRK-YARD.

Oh! bless the flower! it blooms as fair,
  And smells as sweetly here,
As if it were the gard'ner's care,
  And sprang some palace near.
No mourner need despair, since heaven,
  Which takes but what it gave,
Has such a touching token given,
  To bloom upon the grave.

FROM THE DEATH-BED.

Oh! bless the sunrise! though the night
  Was long, and dark, and wild,
It comes to cheer the earth, as bright
  As when at first it smiled.
And shall I doubt that when the gloom
  Of death has closed my eyes,
I yet will see, beyond the tomb,
  Eternal sunshine rise.

Sunset.

Now!—glory unto glory linking,
  Ere it leaves the beauteous West—
Through cloud and storm the sun is sinking
  O'er the mountain's purple crest;
And, loud and clear, as evening closes
  O'er the dark tempestuous day,
And Nature, tired, in rest reposes;
  Ev'ry songster pours his lay.

So may my soul—as each day endeth,
  And its transient joys take wing—
Although through clouds the sun descendeth,
  Have thanksgiving songs to sing.
And so may I—when heavenly beauty
  Crowns the sunset of my days—
With Faith unshaken, true to duty,
  Sing my parting hymn of praise.

The Old Maid's Complaint.

My dear bachelor friend, it is all very well!
  Of your peace and your comfort you boast;
But an anxious old maid, like me, only can tell
  What your ease and your indolence cost.

Independent, forsooth! I deny you the claim,
  And you have not a spark of good sense
If you do not confess, on the instant, with shame,
  That you live at Maria's expense.

I sit up in an attic here, close to the sky,
  That you snug in your parlour may dine;
And sip, lonely, a cup of the cheapest Shanghai,
  That your "cronies" and you may have wine.

All you owe to my sex, you must very well know,
  Has been left to this moment unpaid;
And you must not forget that the debt which you owe,
  Is increasing whilst payment's delayed.

For the day of our reckoning must certainly come
And perhaps you'll repent of the past,
When I send my attorney to sue for the sum,
And proclaim you a bankrupt at last.

To an Artist with a Pair of Boots.

Accept the boots—they're sent to-day—
In travel do not spare them;
And hear your humble servant pray—
"Heav'n send you health to wear them."

Ne'er draw them on, with gruesome face,
From April to October;
And when you open out the lace,
Or kick them off, be sober.

On field and highway grind them out,
  With footstep firm and steady,
And when they need a sole, or clout,
  To mend them I'll be ready.

Oh! happy, happy! I had been,
  Had Heav'n ordained it so,
To trace sweet Nature's lovely scene,
  And make the canvass *glow;*

But I a "souter" have been made,
  So leather let it be;
I'll never blush to own my trade—
  May *it* not blush for *me.*

To "patch," or "sole and heel" for pence,
  I own I do not care;
Nor foolish pride and insolence,
  Am I well-formed to bear.

Yet life is not quite unenjoyed,
  Ev'n by the cobbler kind,
It gives me pleasure unalloyed
  To have *your* foot designed.

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The Retirement of Lord Derby.

BRITAIN must bow, since Heaven this much requires;
'Tis vain to murmur when the Voice hath spoken;
With fears were mingled warm regrets, desires,
And hopes tenacious, but the tie is *broken.*

From life-long service, with unstained renown—
The type of faithfulness henceforward here—
A sorrowing people and a grateful Crown
Release the servant whom they most revere.

Old times return, old faces crowd the scene,
And mem'ries of the past demand our tears,
When shaking hands with thee, who long hast been
Partaker with us of our hopes and fears.

Nor wilt thou leave us; here, in life's decline,
Shall love and duty gladden oft thine eye;
Whate'er we have thou freely shalt make thine,
And death alone will wring from us "good-bye!"

Go, much-loved Derby, to thy well-earn'd rest,
  May peace succeed thy endless toils and cares;
May thy remaining years be greatly blessed,
  And God be bountiful to thy grey hairs.

Go gladly down from honour's lofty height,
  To others leave each cunning scheme and plan,
Proud of thy higher mission—to unite
  The name of "Derby" with "True Gentleman."

Epitaph on a Lazarus.

In life men always call me *poor*,
  And oft to me their pity gave;
Oh! that their blindness I could cure,
  And let them see beyond the grave.

I had a neighbour, rich and great,
  Who pined, though sumptuous was his fare,
Whilst I—a beggar at his gate—
  Enjoyed the bliss which angels share.

Through faith and patience, I have risen
  To my inheritance at last;
Whilst he bewails, within his prison,
  Too late, the follies of the past.

'Tis not in gold—'tis not in land—
  To purchase passing temp'ral bliss;
And what, Oh! what can they command,
  When human beings come to *this?*

When living, I this truth could hold—
  I preach it boldly from the dust—
The man is poor who trusts in gold,
  And rich the man who God can trust.

May *every beggar* then be bold?
  And *must* the millionaire be lost?
No! *rich* men wealth may *lightly* hold—
  The *poorest* man may trust it *most.*

On Mercenary Match-Making and Marriag

THE man by true affection moved,
  In happiness abounds,
Who weds a woman he has loved,
  With twenty thousand pounds;
But Tom to *twenty thousand* wed,
  And *burdened* with a wife,
Begins upon his marriage bed
  A miserable life.

A fortune goes a wondrous way
  To bless the *loving* pair,
And adds its tribute, day by day,
  To ev'ry joy they share;
But all the gew-gaws wealth can buy
  Are lightly to be prized,
When *sordid meanness* prompts the sigh,
  And *love* is sacrificed.

What *man* would crucify his heart
  For back and belly's sake?
Or, *bartering*, with conscience part
  For doubly-butter'd cake?

Who would, if not a heartless goose,
  And dead to virtuous hope,
Be *hanged* because the dangling noose
  Is made of *silken rope?*

To save himself from hangman's hands,
  Fictitious rumours tell
Of *one* poor wretch, who wed a wife
  He liked not over-well;
But of the fortune-hunting byke,
  How many, worse than "elves,"
Have fled the wife they did not like,
  To go and hang themselves.

A Warning.

Young Richard had for many years
  To Polly paid attention;
But Polly, who enjoyed his fears,
  Still doomed him to *suspension.*

At length poor Richard formed a *tie*
  Which all his troubles ended;
And Polly wished, with many a sigh,
  He had not been *suspended.*

To take him down—her chief delight—
  She oft did flirt and frown;
But she was in an awful plight
  When he *was* "taken down."

Ye widows young, and maidens coy,
  Whom "suitors" are addressin',
See turned to grief fair Polly's joy,
  And learn the simple lesson.

Beware! lest what amuses *now*,
  Should one day blast your hopes;
And those who think your love but *tow*,
  Put confidence in *ropes.*

Idolatry.

THE *first* of sins—behold! in Britain's Isle,
Distrust of God—faith in the Tempter's wile.
At Mammon's shrine, lo! crowds on bended knee
Perform the rites of gross idolatry,
And prostrate lie with all their hope and trust
Fixed on the shining ore, the glittering dust;
Wrenched from the rock, dug from the stubborn clod,
Their toil at first, and afterwards their God.
Oh, piteous sight! in wild devotion see
The saint outrivalled by the devotee;
See temples crowded!—hear an idol's praise
Proclaimed in songs which God's could never raise;
Hark! with what shouts that idol's smile is hailed,
With what deep groans his frown at once bewailed;
Could God's own smile such rapture e'er impart?
His awful frown wring such grief from the heart?
Whilst God himself enough can scarce command,
And takes the off'ring from a niggard hand;
See every gift which mortal man holds dear
With joy brought forth, and freely lavished here.

Love, virtue, friendship, honour, all are sold,
And bought, and bartered—have their weight in gold;
Deceit and fraud and heaven-defying vice,
Each has its market, and its proper price;
And all are dealers, from the prince on high
Down to the pauper grov'ling in his stye.
To this grim god parents, with tearless eyes,
Their children offer as a sacrifice;
And, urged by av'rice, children too forget
The ties of nature, pay no filial debt,
No rev'rence give to age or hoary hairs,
Cease to be sons, and only live as heirs.
For gold the lover, callous, seeks his bride,
For gold the maiden parts with all her pride;
Friend chooses friend for gold, or friend forsakes—
Is cold or cordial—as the balance shakes.
To rank or title should ambition soar,
Gold is the key which opens every door;
To place, or pension, or to power's abode,
Gold points an easy and a certain road;
The bench of state or justice would'st thou fill?
Bring forth the product of thy father's till!
Nay! dost thou seek the *altar* to invade,
And be what man by man was never made,
A priest of God—a bishop, first of men—
Bring but enough, you shall not seek in vain.

Born fit to learn, you shall be set to teach;
Requiring counsel, you shall rise to preach;
A dunce!—a knave!—in lawn and muslin dressed,
Though cursed thyself, thou shalt make others blessed
Talk e'er so long, and draw distinctions nice—
Wealth now is virtue, poverty is vice;
Nor need our wonder rise at all we see,
For God's deposed, and gold is deity.
Yes, gold is god, the bliss for which men sigh,
They madly think that gold alone can buy;
And see they not the world in which they live
Offer to gold all that a world can give—
Its friendship, favour, lavished or withdrawn,
Such as they are, should fortune smile or frown;
The poor with merit left obscure to pine,
The rich, without it, held as half-divine.
Need we then wonder that, of nought afraid,
Men rush to lands in which a fortune's made;
Forsake their kindred, break the ties of home,
O'er deserts wild, o'er wilder seas to roam,
And brave all dangers—earthquake, fever, ague,
Or savage man, a still more awful plague—
Impelled, supported by such zeal and fire,
As Christian missions never could inspire—
Urged by a passion such as travellers feel,
Who see the mirage, and believe it real.

Need we, at home, behold with strange surprise
Men stoop to meanness, or to madness rise;
Cringe, lie, cheat, plunder by the pick-lock's aid,
Or, better armed, by tricks of law and trade;
Nay, than the brute far more remorseless, kill
With murderous weapon, or more murderous pill—
Does not this madness, unsurpassed abroad,
Befit such worshippers and such a god?

A Fragment.

WHERE least expected, and repugnant most,
Pride swells the church, at once its shame and boast.
In every order—from th' archbishop's, down
To his who wears the mere licentiate's gown—
Pride is the practice, though the theme must be
The noblest of all themes—humility.
Search any parish, in the year that's past
Who has done most for soul-destroying "caste?"
Who but the fool whom greater fools have paid
To preach and teach? as if it were a trade;
Forgetting still that ne'er was what they sought
Produced by money or for money bought;
Forgetting this—the man who wars with vice,
True priest or pastor, is beyond all price;
Was ne'er by college either made or given,
And holds a "license" sent direct from heaven.

The veriest drones in Britain's busy hive,
Who shall be greatest see the bishops strive;

Mark how they fight, within the temple gate,
For titles, honours, worldly ease, and state—
With what avidity they all pursue
The things they counsel others to eschew;
And how rapaciously they can partake
Of all the sweets which others toil to make.
They coolly preach that even want of food
Is meant by Heaven to work the sinner's good—
That men should be resigned, however placed,
And that to grumble is to be disgraced:
May we conclude, that, grumbling even when crammed,
They will themselves at last be doubly-damned;
And that their sermons, here of little use,
Will prove at last they are without excuse!
What in the future may such lives await,
'Tis not our province nor our wish to state—
This much we venture to pronounce as clear,
None are so shocking or so wretched here;
To none, however vile, has heaven e'er sent
A swifter, surer, sorer punishment.
Let Baalam speak, or Eli's hapless race,
Or Judas, filling an exalted place—
Proclaim they not how wretched he must be
Who has no capital except hypocrisy;
Who trades in "sermons," "sacraments," and "pray'rs,"
As others do in common works or wares;

Who, bad himself, for raiment, rent, and food,
In doleful tone warns others to be good;
And pictures hell to sinners, knowing well
That he himself is moving on to hell?

Pleased to look big, though pinched to pay his debts,
And grumbling more the more he yearly gets;
Behold the priest trailed in his hackney-coach—
Some hand-me-down, a country-side's reproach—
Whose cumbrous weight must one day break the back
Of his half-fed and over-burdened hack;
Whose creak and jingle, known to all so wel
Its slow approach by half-a-mile foretell—
Stifle thy mirth, suppress the rising sneer,
And see, with awe, this equipage appear.
The man-of-all-work, for the nonce arrayed,
Drives in a coat which ne'er for him was made;
And wears a hat, big, old, and batter'd too,
With *cord* and *lace*, which, by the way, are *new*.
Strange to the job, he looks extremely large,
And feels the burden of his weighty charge;
Pulls, cracks his whip—could mortal man do more?—
And does his best to *rattle* to your door.
His "Rev'rence" gone, with an affected air,
Such as "Her Grace" would not presume to wear,

My "Lady" enters, telling "John" to go,
And come again for her at—so and so.
With much ado, as if 'twere half your trade,
Some trifling order's given, or purchase made;
And, much afraid that you are not aware
Of all the honour it is yours to share,
She, now and then, on your much tickled ear
Drops this remark—"The Kerridge will be here!"
Meantime, the "Kerridge" to a stall has gone
With some spare cabbages the "glebe" has grown—
Once given to poor folks, but now sold to pay,
In part, the expense of such "gentility."

* * * * * * * * *

Enough of pity for the "seething mass;"
Let us have missions to the better class;
Let us have teachers who can show that dirt
Is often found beneath a linen shirt;
That meanness lurks beneath the boldest look,
And that a "brute" may read or write a book—
Nay, study sermons, and be all the more
A wretch whose fate the thoughtful must deplore.
Supported widely, at enormous cost,
'Tis for the "Church" that we should blush the most;
"Schools of religion," wearing strength's disguise,

It is in *them* that our great weakness lies;
Our "moral teachers," 'tis in *them* we see,
With growing numbers, insufficiency.
Their Sunday teaching!—take it as a whole—
Can it for good affect the simplest soul?
Their weekly work—we hear it lauded well—
In what direction is it seen to tell?
Their daily practice, does it not, in fact,
Each well-worn precept wholly counteract?
When he has found (a slow but sure recoil)
In want of work, insufferable toil,
Can we not often in the pastor's face,
From month to month, a growing langour trace?
Is not the weight of dreary, dull routine
In every feature, every gesture seen?
When he's at prayer what feelings o'er us creep?
And when he preaches fall we not asleep?
Poor soul! condemned for life to be a "saint,"
And act, not heartily but by constraint;
Chained down to duties which will never cease
Till death, unwelcome, brings a long release;
Feeling his stipend light, his work a pressure;
Denied, perhaps, a "helper and successor;"
In rural district, town, or crowded city,
We know no man who more demands our pity.

[illegible] when the mind is cursed,
[illegible] words,
[illegible] worthless chest,
[illegible] smallest [illegible],
[illegible] employed
[illegible] destroyed.
[illegible] schemes and pained,
[illegible] distrust,
[illegible] and to walk—
[illegible] and talk—
[illegible] to shine,
[illegible] things divine.
[illegible] throughout the week,
[illegible] to seek;
[illegible] of self,
[illegible] of himself;
[illegible] handling highest themes,
[illegible] launching wildest schemes;
[illegible] perplexed,
[illegible] from the simplest text;
[illegible] the church—if it a pious frame,
No thanks to him—less learned than they came.

Such "things" are unfortunate—Yes:
Because they are [illegible] let truth confess;
[illegible] in them their flocks, observant, see
[illegible] the reverse of what they ought to be;

Because they practice not the faith they preach,
And live forgetful of the truth they teach.
Some, openly profane, can hardly bear
The galling yoke which they are forced to wear;
Some, not less dang'rous, can both preach and pray,
As pedlars barter, by the yard, for pay;
(And need I add that, like the Cheap-Jack's wares,
Their sermons are too dear, too dear their prayers);
The greater part (themselves even) never know
To what strange chance they their position owe,
More than the scarecrow of the anxious swain
Which frightens others from the late-sown plain,
Till seen too oft, by too familiar eyes,
It hangs, at last, a thing which they despise,
And, rotting, flutters vainly to restore
The dread, the terror it inspired before.
Am I unjust? Look round you I reply—
What sight more frequent meets the offended eye?
(And can the world a sadder sight supply)?
See him who sits in honour's lofty place
Censured, contemned, too often in disgrace;
Wearing the robe to which respect is due,
Yet unrespected even by the few;
Doomed to receive mock homage from a part,
By all denied the homage of the heart;
The scoffer's jest, the idle gossip's theme;

His work a mock'ry, his success a dream;
His wisdom scorned, his counsel disobeyed,
His loudest warnings making none afraid;
Powerless for good; for evil—but I pause,
Poor wretch! he suffers with the suff'ring cause;
Destruction's pit yawns deep, and black and wide
There goes the flock, there too the hapless guide.

There are exceptions surely? Not a few;
Thank God! enough to prove this picture true.

* * * * * * * * *

Ask we the cause, it is not far to seek;
Behold this boy!—he takes a prize for Greek;
A seventh prize perhaps, in class the third!
Was there before such wonder ever heard!
His mother smiles, applauding dames admire,
And foolish friends assure the happy sire
That such a son as this was never made
To soil his hands with an ignoble trade;
They can perceive, and without fear aver,
That he was born to be a minister.
Well pleased, the parents, (such encomiums given),
Resolve to kneel and ask advice from Heaven.
To a fixed course by lurking pride inclined,
They get the answer which best suits their mind·

Mistake ambitious hopes for Heaven's consent,
And off to college, lo! the youth is sent.
Off to the college; there, of needful lore
To gather up the necessary store;
Off to the college ere he can despise
The trifles dear to childhood's wond'ring eyes;
Off to the college whilst his wishes run
Less towards theology than boyish fun;
Off to the college, where youth gives the day
To tasks unwelcome, and the nights to play,
Where various passions act alternate part,
And various vices rule the youthful heart;
Off to the college, longing for the hour
When he shall preach for fame, or wealth, or power;
When he—his parts, his powers, his graces shown—
Shall have a church, a parish of his own;
Shall lecture, marry, bury, and baptise,
And great appear to undiscerning eyes;
Off to the college—can it be denied?—
A raw recruit, unpractised and untried,
In life's great battle by no single deed
Proved fit to follow, yet resolved to lead.

* * * * * * * * *

A session past, the growing lad comes down,
And walks much changed about his native town;

A "student" now, not brilliant 'tis allowed,
But still superior to the vulgar crowd,
Entitled somehow deference to expect,
And to have company somewhat select.
To heaven devoted from unhallowed earth
He lifts his eyes, eschews unhallowed mirth,
Assumes a sober garb, affects a stick,
And slows his step (which is by nature quick),
Lest he should not appear, what he must be,
More than his compeers, full of sanctity.
Ambition's spurs the puffed-up youth may feel,
But he, of course, mistakes his haste for zeal,
And when he hears, by others, reference made
To what they hope from *their* selected trade,
Turns up the white of unexpectant eyes
To speak of life as of a sacrifice,
And prates complacently, though self-adored,
About devotion to the Church's Lord.
Weeks pass away, and, sundry visits paid,
The lad on learning makes a second raid;
Once more, with varying force, his task begins,
Where city scenes, not seldom city sins,
Exert their power his ardour to restrain—
Sometimes perhaps, but not always, in vain.
By force constrained, or by affection led,
He cons the page, and hears the lecture read,

Till grown familiar with men and things—
The rise and fall of nations, creeds, and kings;
A bolder flight he ventures to essay,
And dares the mist'ries of theology.
But why pursue so closely his career,
Which only changes with the changing year,
And grows more rapid as he nears his goal,
Spurred by ambition, like a rising foal?
The years fly quickly, and we hear at last—
A nine-hours' wonder—that the boy has "passed."
His trial sermons have been heard and praised;
He holds a "license," as the thing is phrased;
A well-known tailor (clerical) in town
Awaits the order for his pulpit gown—
He has been preaching, lecturing, far and near—
There are some rumours of his coming here;
It is not true, as foolish friends averred,
That to a *parish* he has been preferred.
The bells are ringing, psalm and pray'r are o'er,
The crowd, expectant, spit and cough no more.
His text is read, he tucks his handsome gown,
And, rashly fearless, lays the "gospel" down
In such a way—but I reproof may spare,
For "gospel truth" brought not his hearers there;
And if results put common sense to shame,
The fervid youth deserves not all the blame.

"Else [illegible] impressive [illegible]
[illegible] is a [illegible]
Those who were [illegible] their eyes now remain—
Those who were [illegible] to [illegible] "[illegible]"
[illegible] have [illegible] their course [illegible]
[illegible] those with which he [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] away
[illegible] their [illegible] and to have their "[illegible]"
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] down to [illegible]
[illegible] promiscuously they [illegible]
Have [illegible] which to our disgust
They *will* believe and which we *must*.
"Will [illegible] the sermon?" asks an anxious friend—
"Yes," is the answer, "as it neared the end.
It show'd some thought and great [illegible] power.
But 'twas too long by nearly half-an-hour:
'Tis my belief they would not thank me for it,
Than preachers are who do not run in short!"
"He is so clever," cries a smirking dame
To one, and like herself, who thinks the same,
But adds regret that he cannot refrain
In "graceful gestures" and a "pleasing voice."
A little miss peculiarly admired
The handsome style in which he was attired;
Her grandmother observed he wore a ring,
[illegible]d thought for ministers 'twas not the thing.

"He'll do," "he'll not," "fine preacher," "very lame,"
These, and comments a thousand of the same,
'Midst titters, smiles, and here and there a shout
Of mirth suppressed, pass freely round about;
But differing much, and quarrelling if need,
In one particular all are agreed—
That they should end just as they first began—
Forget the subject, and discuss the *man.*
Meantime the "man," for he must have his due,
Retires forgetful of the subject too;
Dines at a "brother's," rests each wearied limb,
And wonders what the people think of *him.*
His merits canvassed, and his claims well pressed—
Six on the leet—he is pronounced the best;
The vote goes round, no patron interferes,
The press announces, and the "parish" hears
By whom its pulpit will be henceforth graced;
The "call" succeeds, he is "ordained" or "placed."
And *this* we call the "Heaven-appointed plan,"
By which to find a wise and faithful man!
This mockery of choice, which, worse than none,
Leads boys, audacious, to what age would shun;
Bids worth and wit with modesty retire,
And tempts presumption madly to aspire.
A lad half-witted, vicious, or ill-bred,
Is ill-advised, or takes't into his head

To "choose the Church"—What barriers oppose?
Behold him "crammed," into "the Church" he goes,
Obtains a "license," or across the Borders,
With equal impudence, "takes holy orders,"
And looks around, without the least misgiving,
To find a "Charge," a "Parish," or a "Living;"
From branch to branch climbs up the sacred tree
Till he is dubbed "Professor" or "D.D.,"
Or drops his own and proudly wears instead
Upon his shoulders an "Archbishop's" head—
Oh! what a farce; in Heathendom we see,
Look where we will, no greater mockery.
And worse abuses far, at times, appear,
Which, all too patent, pass unnoticed here.
Accursed slavery! see the "Church" for gold
Permit her livings to be bought and sold,
Or freely gifted, (deep disgrace to man),
As fit rewards for tool and partizan.

If thus we treat—with mad indifference still—
The highest office man is called to fill,
Need we complain if fools are often seen
Exalted high, although by nature mean?
Need we astonished hear when fervid youth
Talks nonsense loud, and calls it sacred truth;

Need we rebel when some precocious elf
"Preaches" to crowds much better than himself;
And need we murmur if a knave, a cheat,
Is found at times in virtue's lofty seat?

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